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THE EXPERIMENTAL FILM: A NEW ART IN TRANSITION

By SARA KATHRYN ARLEDGE

DURING THE first decades of the twentieth century, while the movie industry was developing reel by reel into the most popular, profitable, and eclectic show business in history, a series of noncommercial films was made, to experiment with the motion picture as a medium for artistic expression. The experimental films were, from the beginning, distinctly different from the story-type movie, not only in primary aim but in every aspect. Their structure was not based on the narrative plot. Their conception and direction and even the entire production were often the work of one artist-producer. Enthusiasm, not financial return, was the main contribution of their audiences.

The purpose of the producer of experimental films was to discover ways to express the subjective aspects of experience, which contrasted with the aim of the documentary film maker who started in the thirties to develop new techniques in an effort to record clearly and effectively the objective events of the outer world.

This general review is concerned only with the film as an art medium.

Most experimental films may be classified in either of two groups: the abstract, or the fantastic and surrealist. Because both types developed from established schools in other arts, these films, as might be expected in a new art, were heavily indebted to their parent schools. The abstract films were produced by those artists to whom the form of art was more important than content. These artists were concerned with the careful arrangement of lines, colors, shapes, and spaces into harmonious compositions. The fantastic and surrealist artist disregarded formal organization in order to emphasize the subject matter to be expressed.

I

An effort to use film as a medium for poetry was made by Gaumont in 1910. He produced five sentimental film "poems" on such subjects as *Love*, *Bereavement*, *Friendship*, etc. By means of images on the screen, he was unconsciously utilizing space as a dimension, although space had previously existed in the temporal art of poetry only in word symbols and sounds.

The earliest abstract films were part of a series of efforts by painters to add the fourth dimension, time, to their painting. Some of these painters, notably Duchamp and Marinetti, had attempted to show a series of movements having duration in time, by painting a succession of positions in space of an object on one canvas. A famous example of this was Duchamp's *Nude Descending the Staircase*. Others, following the example of Picasso and Braque, painted the static object from multiple viewpoints. This implied movement in time, of a spectator contemplating all sides of an object.

The first attempt of a painter actually to use the fourth dimension rather than suggest it on a two-dimensional canvas, was in 1913. Léopolde Survage planned, but never produced, an abstract animation to be photographed by the motion-picture camera. The shapes, sizes, values, and relative positions in space of the painted form were to change as the film progressed. The theme was to be the visual rhythm ensuing from the changing composition.

After the interruption of the first World War, artists of many countries became interested. Viking Eggeling, working in Germany, made a series of abstract scrolls. In 1921, Hans Richter, a friend of Eggeling's, produced the earliest abstract film, *Rhythmus* 21, a black-and-white film, by the animation process. He used squares and rectangles as the dominant shapes, relating them to the rectangle of the screen as they advanced, receded, and moved across it, gradually becoming more complex at the climax. Then Eggeling produced a film, *Diagonalsymphonie*. Another German painter, Oskar Fischinger, from 1919 to 1922, prepared studies for another abstract film production. He produced several films using various techniques of animation, and three-dimensional plastic objects. The most aesthetic-

ally satisfactory was a series called *Black and White*. These have unfortunately been lost.

Moholy Nagy, a member of the Bauhaus, made a motion picture of one of his mobile sculpture constructions in operation.

Although his later work has been more surrealist than abstract, Man Ray made a film in which three-dimensional objects such as spirals of paper, nude torsos, etc., were treated in an abstract manner. This film, *Le Rétour à la Raison* was shown at a Dadaist meeting in Paris in 1923. In 1924 he produced a more complete film *Emak Bakia* (the title being a Basque phrase meaning, "don't bother me").

In 1924, Fernand Leger playfully manipulated the camera in *Ballet Mécanique*. He photographed inanimate objects so as to give the impression that they were moving voluntarily. The legs of a mannequin perform a ballet, in places the film runs backward, and an animated painting of Charlie Chaplin dances.

Two men of this period, working in related fields, who were instrumental in stimulating and influencing the experimental film workers were Thomas Wilfred and Sergei Eisenstein.

In America, Wilfred was perfecting his invention, the Clavalux, or light organ. The Clavalux was a machine that produced and projected fluid, third-dimensional forms of colored light directly on a screen, where they moved, changed in shape, color, and intensity, and faded away into darkness. The concert tours that Wilfred made in the middle twenties aroused general enthusiasm over his mobile color compositions, and the idea of a visual time art.

From Soviet Russia came Eisenstein's epic narrative films. The dramatic realism of these films had, underlying and reinforcing their real images, abstract compositions of power and photographic beauty in each frame, which developed in intensity and rhythm throughout the picture. Eisenstein's imaginative use of film symbols and montages is demonstrated in the sequence of three shots from *Potemkin* expressing the power of the Russian people rising in revolution. Three massive stone lions are shown in quick succession on the screen, the first crouching, the next rising, and the last standing and

roaring. His work made contributions to both types of experimental films, to the building of abstract film compositions in time as well as to the explorations of the expressive possibilities of film and camera.

To change and distort the real world was part of the technical potentialities of the camera mechanism and film sensitivity. It could vary natural motion from a dreamlike slowness to high-tension speed. By multiple exposure it could displace relationships inevitable in nature, such as including several heads on one body or several perspective views in one picture. The camera could casually introduce or dispose of persons or objects in a scene by fading them in or out. Space could be extended or relationships within real forms distorted by the use of special lenses or photographing through distorting reflecting surfaces. Changes of lighting metamorphosed solid matter from rounded forms to flat, opaque, or transparent forms. Through these and many other special effects interwoven in the development of the film, sequence by sequence, a new magic, as Miss Deren calls it in a recent article, became possible.

This legerdemain of the motion-picture camera appeared in films as early as 1900 in the fantastic productions of George Méliés, a French magician, engaged in producing commercial films. Cohl and Zecca also produced some fantastic films.

Robert Wiene's weird production in 1919, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, with its expressionist style (originating in the contemporary German expressionist theatre) was one of the first to treat psychological subject matter and exercised a wide influence on films to follow.

In another example of psychological drama, *The Smiling Madame Beudet*, produced in France in 1922, Germaine Dulac employed slow-motion and other camera effects. Later she produced *La Coquille et le Clergyman* and other films.

In Paris a new art movement of surrealist poets and painters rebelled against the academic repetition of geometric shorthand and rigid classical style that the majority of the abstract school employed at that time. Inspired by the discoveries of Freud, they explored the depths of the subconscious as subject matter or inspiration for their

art. The irrational and fantastic ideas of this group exploded occasionally in the shocking realism of motion-picture photography. In the late twenties both the poets and the painters produced films, some of which, because of the sensational nature of the subject matter or radical treatment of the mores of the period, caused near riots among their European audiences.

Man Ray, known for his creative work in painting and sculpture and still photography, made several films. He does not consider these films experimental, but like his other work, thinks of them as final results. Depending on what he wants to express, he works in either the abstract or surrealist field. When he felt movement was needed to express his ideas, he constructed a piece of mobile sculpture and photographed it with the motion-picture camera. In Paris in 1926 he produced a film from a poem of Robert Desnos, *Etoile de Mer*, in which real objects are photographed to express the erotic and dreamlike associations that are brought to the artist's mind by the starfish. Another film by Man Ray is *Mysteres du Chateau du De.*

In 1928 Marcel Duchamp produced *Anemic Cinema*, a Dadaist film.

Probably the best-known film of the period, at least in America, is *Un Chien Andalou* by Luis Bunuel and Salvador Dali, produced in 1929. Dali writes, "It was the film of adolescence and death which I was going to plunge right into the heart of witty, elegant and intellectualized Paris, with all the reality and all the weight of the Iberian dagger." With sensational realism, the film disgorges shots of the palm of a hand festering with ants, an eyeball being slit by a razor blade, and a satirical sequence of a grand piano laden with two putrefying donkeys tied to two reclining priests, all of which is being dragged along by the straining adolescent hero.

The emphasis of the film is placed on the effect of the unusual subject matter rather than on the effect of its aesthetic organization or unity.

Bunuel then produced *L'Age d'Or*, a religious satire which created an uproar culminating in the removal of the film's backer, Comte de Beaumont, from the Jockey Club.

The surrealist poet, Jean Cocteau, produced *Le Sang D'un Poet*, a scintillating film of literary sophistication, getting its effects through the use of real people and objects distorted by camera effects.

To attempt a fair evaluation of the films of these first twenty years is difficult unless the practical problems involved are understood. In the abstract field the most disheartening problem for the artist was the time lag between the planning of an animated film and the finished animation. Even in today's mass production animation studios like Disney's, it takes hundreds of animators several months to produce one short. Each movement of one shape on the screen necessitated the painting of from five to ten pictures. Short cuts inevitably resulted in jerky movements on the screen. So, while the planning of a film required only a short time, the process of animation, because of the arduous labor involved for one artist-producer, was incredibly prolonged. The resulting problem of financial support while engaged in this work increased the hardships.

If the artist solved these graphic difficulties by shifting third-dimensional objects bit by bit in space and photographing them by exposing a single frame of film at a time, he seriously limited the aesthetic effects possible, since an object cannot change shape, size, or color readily.

In the fantastic, surrealist, and expressionist films in which actors and sets were used, the main drawback to creative effort was the expense of the production. But time and inexperience played the villain's rôle in these productions, too.

Thus few experimental films were produced by any individual. Instead of developing understanding of the camera's possibilities and limitations as an art medium, the necessary technical knowledge for the skilled camera work, and new ideas suited to the new art (through experience in planning and producing numerous films), the artists of necessity spent most of their time and efforts in painting or poetry. These were quicker, less expensive outlets for their creative abilities, and because of their familiarity with these media, more aesthetically rewarding ones.

These and other factors retarded the progress of the film as a new art. Instead of representing a steady growth in quality during twenty

years' time, with few exceptions, the films of the late twenties remained qualitatively at the same level with the earlier ones. Although many contained exciting sequences of imagination and beauty, it is as experiments, rather than unified works of art that most audiences still find them stimulating.

The artists thought of the film as a new art, in that it added a new dimension to their art fields rather than as a means of expressing experiences which could not be expressed in any other medium. Consequently their films presented almost intact the aesthetic viewpoints, styles, and subject matter which were in current use in poetry, painting, etc.

So the main contribution of this period was the revelation through the diversity of their films of a hint of the complexity and tremendous scope the film could offer as a fine arts medium.

II

During the depression in the early thirties, experimental film production ceased. Lack of funds was one reason. Also, this was a period when many artists became preoccupied with more objective subject matter and entered as artists into the political and economic struggles of the people. Those who continued to work with film, produced documentaries which gained aesthetic quality as a result of the previous experiments.

During the thirties many articles on various experimental films began to appear in America as well as in England and the Continent. In general the *Avant Garde* film, as it was called, was welcomed with great enthusiasm by critics who were bored with Hollywood's anemic formulas and who were encouraged by original and sincere efforts to utilize the movies as a serious art form. Untrammeled by practical considerations facing the artist-producers, the critics vied with each other in predicting the number and scope of films to come.

At present in America several artists are giving their main effort to the planning and making of films rather than dividing their energies between this and other media as had been the case in the twenties. Of these, some of the better-known ones are discussed in this review, but a complete list is not yet available.

A color film by Oskar Fischinger, one of the early abstract film makers in Europe, *Composition in Blue*, has been shown in many theatres. It makes use of three-dimensional plastic forms that move in exact synchronization with the music. In 1937 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer released his *Optical Poem*. In 1940 Disney employed Fischinger to plan the Bach *Toccata and Fugue* in *Fantasia*. Mr. Fischinger left Disney before *Fantasia* was completed. He now says that he has a new method for color which he says " . . . will improve color compositions in the artistic sense."

Charles Dockum, an electrical engineer interested in illumination and modern art, working in isolation had invented an instrument similar in intention to Wilfred's Clavalux, but different in design. The first public demonstration of this instrument was in Prescott, Arizona, in 1935. Since that time he has developed a series of instruments each broader in scope and more under the artist's control. As a scientist and as a sensitive, capable artist, he is in a unique position to perfect this instrument for the use of other artists. First among his contributions in Dockum's own words is his "system of controlling form, color and movement, simply but with adequate versatility for free development of thematic material; second, a system of composing in both space and time dimensions which provides complete permanent records of a composer's work. This also allows careful timing and editing of material in close co-ordination with what actually appears on the projection screen."

Dockum's project was made possible by a Solomon R. Guggenheim grant. His present projection machine will be installed in the Museum of Non-Objective Art designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and now under construction in New York. At present Dockum has on the drafting board a new instrument which is more versatile and sensitive in control than the other and commands truly symphonic range.

Mary Ellen Bute, assisted by Theodore J. Nemeth, made a series of abstract films including *Parabola* in the middle thirties. In them she attempted to correlate the third-dimensional black-and-white forms with music, by using forms that changed and moved on the screen in a manner which she felt would produce the same kind of

emotion in the spectator that the music did. Her film *Rhythm in Light* was shown in the New York City Music Hall, where it ran for two weeks.

The collaboration of the Whitney brothers began in this country in 1940 with some black-and-white studies for abstract animated films that were recorded on film. John Whitney, an American photographer, had worked on films in Paris in 1938. James Whitney was studying painting when he became interested in the film through his brother.

Recognizing the time lag in the animation process as the greatest obstacle to creative work, they devised the first steps for overcoming it. They used available instruments such as the optical printer and color filters, the airbrush, stencil, and pantograph, which they simplified or adapted for their special needs.

This enabled them to advance rapidly in their primary purpose as artists of "searching out the fundamental structural elements inherent in a new art medium." Their first full-length animation was *24 Variations of an Original Theme*. In a short time they had finished five films each, and had their first public showing in Pasadena in 1942.

In these films they were experimenting with the visual requirements of a time-space art, and discovering more suitable shapes and compositions for that art than the more complex ones used in abstract paintings or the more symmetrical ones in earlier films.

Not content with aesthetic and technical innovations in the animation field, they worked in sound with a characteristically original approach. Finding available music too unrelated to combine with their colored animations, they invented a mechanism with which they could compose their own music. It produced synthetically a wave pattern on the sound track exactly synchronized with the film which can be adjusted in frequency relationships to conform to any existing scale. As a result, the Whitneys produced their first film with original sound in 1943. At present they are continuing to produce audio-visual nonobjective films, with a scholarship from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation.

Maya Deren, a poet with experience in music and the dance, produced a series of imaginative black-and-white films: *Meshes of the Afternoon* in 1943, *At Land* in 1944, a *Study in Choreography for Camera* in 1945, and *Ritual in Transfigured Time* in 1946. Her films are related to surrealist films in the use of real people and symbolical objects distorted by special effects of the camera and in dealing with the subconscious as subject matter. But unlike the surrealist films their symbolical images are, in the better-realized sequences, directly emotionally affecting and maintain a poetic continuity of action and treatment. She writes of her films "by a delicate manipulation of the really true and the imaginatively true, one is able to give imagination a new dimension in reality."

Her dance film *Study in Choreography for Camera* presents a type of dance possible only through the use of the special effects of the camera, with slow motion, speeded-up motion, and woodland backgrounds fading into interior scenes as the dancer completes a leap through space.

Since receiving the Simon Guggenheim Fellowship in 1946 for creative film work, Miss Deren has continued her film production and written a book called *An Anagram of Art, Form, and Film.*

Hans Richter, who had produced the abstract film *Rhythmus* 21, persuaded five well-known modern artists, Max Ernst, Fernand Leger, Marcel Duchamp, Alexander Calder, and Man Ray, to plan sequences for a color film. These, along with a sequence of his own, Richter has spliced together into a single surrealist film.

In an interview for *Vogue* magazine about the forthcoming film, Max Ernst said, "Meaning is not important. I am guided by emotion, dreams, intuition—the title comes last." Fernand Leger described his sequence as "a satire on American mores." In Calder's words, his is "partly a minuscule circus and partly a dance of mobiles." Duchamp's is an abstract film in which he uses "circular disks to give the illusion of third dimension." Man Ray's film is a "satirical dreamlike film using real people." Richter's sequence is also a surrealist one. He says of the film, titled *Dreams that Money Can Buy*, "Our film will not be rational. Art is not rational."

Richter produced the film for $15,000 and is confident that it will make money. This sum is fabulously large in comparison with the amount spent on any other experimental film.

III

The financial situation is an increasingly hopeful one for present-day film artists. Enthusiastic interest on the part of a growing public makes it possible for the artist to replace production outlays through rental fees. Also a number of grants and fellowships have been awarded to creative film workers within the past five years. Such aids should make possible a continuous development of technical and aesthetic experiments.

The film, with its combined time and space dimensions and sound track, offers the abstractionists and surrealists a more satisfactory medium than either painting or poetry. But to conceive of the film only in terms of surrealism or abstraction limits its scope to the concepts of experience expressed by these schools.

To be aware of the rich possibilities yet unrealized in the film, it will be necessary briefly to consider the limitations of the still current schools of art in contrast to experience, the complex source of art.

Although abstractionism and surrealism differ in purpose and the appearance of their works, they are fundamentally alike in that each concerns itself with only one element of experience. All other aspects of experience, however meaningful and interesting, are ignored. The abstract school reduces the world to its basic visual elements of space, shape, and color. Then it arranges these elements in a composition that can be apprehended with the least possible expenditure of time and energy. Thus abstract art functions as an aesthetic shorthand, describing a very limited segment of experience with the outer world. The surrealist school, taking man as its subject instead of the visual world, reduces man to his subjective self, and that, to its basic element, the source of man's dynamic impulses, the subconscious. This isolated segment of dreams and impulses of man is translated into Freudian symbols.

In addition to expressing these particular common denominators of man's experience, the film has the capacity to present a synthesis

of these and other complex facets of man's experience. Man's other activities, such as feeling, imagining, thinking, talking, and acting, as well as his subconscious urges and dreams, can be used as subject matter. The changing or developing nature of these activities and the flux of the relationships between them is highly suitable material. Conflicts between men and between man and nature offer possibilities for treatment if the material selected and the treatment are essentially filmic rather than literary. The portrayal of significant features of growth and change in nature, as well as in man, could present a valuable aesthetic experience. These and other sources of subject matter offer a wider scope for exploration and expression by the experimental film in this period of its transition into a mature art.

EL HOYO

By MARIO SUAREZ

FROM THE center of downtown Tucson the ground slopes gently away to Main Street, drops a few feet, and then rolls to the banks of the Santa Cruz River. Here lies the sprawling section of the city known as El Hoyo. Why it is called El Hoyo is not clear. It is not a hole as its name would imply; it is simply the river's immediate valley. Its inhabitants are *chicanos* who raise hell on Saturday night, listen to Padre Estanislao on Sunday morning, and then raise more hell on Sunday night. While the term *chicano* is the short way of saying *Mexicano,* it is the long way of referring to everybody. Pablo Gutierrez married the Chinese grocer's daughter and acquired a store; his sons are *chicanos.* So are the sons of Killer Jones who threw a fight in Harlem and fled to El Hoyo to marry Cristina Mendez. And so are all of them—the assortment of harlequins, bandits, oppressors, oppressed, gentlemen, and bums who came

from Old Mexico to work for the Southern Pacific, pick cotton, clerk, labor, sing, and go on relief. It is doubtful that all of these spiritual sons of Mexico live in El Hoyo because they love each other—many fight and bicker constantly. It is doubtful that the *chicanos* live in El Hoyo because of its scenic beauty—it is everything but beautiful. Its houses are built of unplastered adobe, wood, license plates, and abandoned car parts. Its narrow streets are mostly clearings which have, in time, acquired names. Except for the tall trees which nobody has ever cared to identify, nurse, or destroy, the main things known to grow in the general area are weeds, garbage piles, dogs, and kids. And it is doubtful that the *chicanos* live in El Hoyo because it is safe —many times the Santa Cruz River has risen and inundated the area.

In other respects living in El Hoyo has its advantages. If one is born with the habit of acquiring bills, El Hoyo is where the bill collectors are less likely to find you. If one has acquired the habit of listening to Señor Perea's Mexican Hour in the wee hours of the morning with the radio on at full blast, El Hoyo is where you are less likely to be reported to the authorities. Besides, Perea is very popular and to everybody sooner or later is dedicated The Mexican Hat Dance. If one has inherited a bad taste for work but inherited also the habit of eating, where, if not in El Hoyo, are the neighbors more willing to lend you a cup of flour or beans? When Señora Garcia's house burned to the ground with all her belongings and two kids, a benevolent gentleman conceived the gesture that put her on the road to solvency. He took five hundred names and solicited from each a dollar. At the end of the week he turned over to the heartbroken but grateful señora three hundred and fifty dollars in cold cash and pocketed his recompense. When the new manager of a local business decided that no more Mexican girls were to work behind his counters, it was the *chicanos* of El Hoyo who acted as pickets and, on taking their individually small but collectively great buying power elsewhere, drove the manager out and the girls returned to their jobs. When the Mexican Army was enroute to Baja California and the *chicanos* found out that the enlisted men ate only at infrequent intervals they crusaded across town with pots of beans, trays of tortillas,

boxes of candy, and bottles of wine to meet the train. When someone gets married celebrating is not restricted to the immediate families and friends of the couple. The public is invited. Anything calls for a celebration and in turn a celebration calls for anything. On Armistice Day there are no fewer than half a dozen fights at the Tira-Chancla Dance Hall. On Mexican Independence Day more than one flag is sworn allegiance to and toasted with gallon after gallon of Tumba Yaqui.

And El Hoyo is something more. It is this something more which brought Felipe Ternero back from the wars after having killed a score of Germans with his body resembling a patch-work quilt. It helped him to marry a fine girl named Julia. It brought Joe Zepeda back without a leg from Luzon and helps him hold more liquor than most men can hold with two. It brought Jorge Casillas, a gunner flying B-24's over Germany, back to compose boleros. Perhaps El Hoyo is the proof that those people exist who, while not being against anything, have as yet failed to observe the more popular modes of human conduct. Perhaps the humble appearance of El Hoyo justifies the discerning shrugs of more than a few people only vaguely aware of its existence. Perhaps El Hoyo's simplicity motivates many a *chicano* to move far away from its intoxicating *frenesi*, its dark narrow streets, and its shrieking children, to deny the blood-well from which he springs, to claim the blood of a conquistador while his hair is straight and his face beardless. Yet El Hoyo is not the desperate outpost of a few families against the world. It fights for no causes except those which soothe its immediate angers. It laughs and cries with the same amount of passion in times of plenty and of want.

Perhaps El Hoyo, its inhabitants, and its essence can best be explained by telling you a little bit about a dish called *capirotada*. Its origin is uncertain. But it is made of old, new, stale, and hard bread. It is sprinkled with water and then it is cooked with raisins, olives, onions, tomatoes, peanuts, cheese, and general leftovers of that which is good and bad. It is seasoned with salt, sugar, pepper, and sometimes chili or tomato sauce. It is fired with tequila or sherry wine.

It is served hot, cold, or just "on the weather" as they say in El Hoyo. The Garcias like it one way, the Quevedos another, the Trilos another, and the Ortegas still another. While in general appearance it does not differ much from one home to another it tastes different everywhere. Nevertheless it is still *capirotada.* And so it is with El Hoyo's *chicanos.* While many seem to the undiscerning eye to be alike it is only because collectively they are referred to as *chicanos.* But like *capirotada,* fixed in a thousand ways and served on a thousand tables, which can only be evaluated by individual taste, the *chicanos* must be so distinguished.

SEÑOR GARZA

By MARIO SUAREZ

MANY CONSIDER Garza's Barber Shop as not truly in El Hoyo because it is on Congress Street and therefore downtown. Señor Garza, its proprietor, cashier, janitor, and Saint Francis, philosophizes that since it is situated in that part of the street where the land decidely slopes, it is in El Hoyo. Who would question it? Who contributes to every cause for which a solicitor comes in with a long face and a longer relation of sadness? Who is the easiest touch for all the drunks who have to buy their daily cures? For loafers who go to look for jobs and never find them? For bullfighters on the wrong side of the border? For boxers still amateurs though punchy? For barbers without barber shops? And for the endless line of moochers who drop in to borrow anything from two bits to two dollars? Naturally, Garza.

Garza's Barber Shop is more than razors, scissors, and hair. It is where men, disgruntled at the vice of the rest of the world, come to air their views. It is where they come to get things off their chests

along with the hair off their heads and beard off their faces. Garza's Barber Shop is where everybody sooner or later goes or should. This does not mean that there are no other barber shops in El Hoyo. There are. But none of them seem quite to capture the atmosphere that Garza's does. If it were not downtown it would probably have a little fighting rooster tied to a stake by the front door. If it were not rented to Señor Garza only it would perhaps smell of sherry wine all day. To Garza's Barber Shop goes all that is good and bad. The lawbreakers come in to rub elbows with the sheriff's deputies. And toward all Garza is the same. When zoot suiters come in for a very slight trim, Garza who is very versatile, puts on a bit of zoot talk and hep-cats with the zootiest of them. When the boys that are not zoot suiters come in, he becomes, for the purpose of accommodating his clientele, just as big a snob as their individual personalities require. When necessity calls for a change in his character Garza can assume the proportions of a Greek, a Chinaman, a gypsy, a republican, a democrat, or if only his close friends are in the shop, plain Garza.

Perhaps Garza's pet philosophy is that a man should not work too hard. Garza tries not to. His day begins according to the humor of his wife. When Garza drives up late, conditions are perhaps good. When Garza drives up early, all is perhaps not well. Garza's Barber Shop has been known, accordingly, to stay closed for a week. It has also been known to open before the sun comes up and to remain open for three consecutive days. But on normal days and with conditions so-so, Garza comes about eight in the morning. After opening, he pulls up the green venetian blinds. He brings out two green ash cans containing the hair cut the preceding day and puts them on the edge of the sidewalk. After this he goes to a little back room in the back of the shop, brings out a long crank, and lowers the red awning that keeps out the morning sun. Lily-boy, the fat barber who through time and diligence occupies chair number two, is usually late. This does not mean that Lily-boy is lazy, but he is married and there are rumors, which he promptly denies, that state he is hen-pecked. Rodriguez, barber number three, usually fails to show up for five out of six workdays.

On ordinary mornings Garza sits in the shoeshine stand because it is closest to the window and nods at the pretty girls going to work and to the ugly ones, too. He works on an occasional customer. He goes to Sally and Sam's for a cup of coffee, and on returning continues to sit. At noon Garza takes off his small apron, folds it, hangs it on the arm of his chair, and after combing his hair goes to La Estrella to eat and flirt with the waitresses who, for reasons that even they cannot understand, have taken him into their confidence. They are well aware of his marital standing; but Garza has black wavy hair and a picaresque charm that sends them to the kitchen giggling. After eating his usual meal of beans, rice, tortilla, and coffee, he bids all the girls good-bye and goes back to his barber shop. The afternoons are spent in much the same manner as the mornings except that on such days as Saturday, there is such a rush of business that Garza very often seeks some excuse to go away from his own business and goes for the afternoon to Nogales in Mexico or downstairs to the Tecolote Club to drink beer.

On most days, by five-thirty everybody has usually been in the shop for friendly reasons, commercial reasons, and even spiritual reasons. Loco-Chu, whose lack of brains everybody understands, has gone by and insulted the customers. Take-It-Easy, whose liquor-saturated brain everybody respects, has either made nasty signs at everybody or has come in to quote the words and poems of the immortal Antonio Plaza. Cuco has come from his job at Feldman's Furniture Store to converse of the beauty of Mexico and the comfort of the United States. Procuna has come in, and being a university student with more absences than the rest of his class put together, has very politely explained his need for two dollars until the check comes in. Chonito has shined shoes and danced a dozen or so boogie pieces. There have been arguments. Fortunes made and lost. Women loved. The great Cuate Cuete has come in to talk of the glory and grandeur of zoot suitism in Los Angeles. Old customers due about that day have come. Also new ones who had to be told that all the loafers who seemingly live in Garza's Barber Shop were not waiting for haircuts. Then the venetian blinds are let down. The

red awning is cranked up. The door is latched on the inside although it is continually opened on request for friends, and the remaining customers are attended to and let out.

Inside Garza opens his little National Cash Register, counts the day's money, and puts it away. He opens his small writing desk and adds and subtracts for a little while in his green record book. Meanwhile Chonito grudgingly sweeps and says very nasty words. Lily-boy phones his wife to tell her that he is about to start home and that he will not be waylaid by friends and that he will not arrive drunk. Rodriguez relates to everybody in the shop that when he was a young man getting tired was not like him. The friends who have already dropped in wait until the beer is spoken for and then Chonito is sent for it. When it is brought in and distributed everything is talked about. Lastly, women are thoroughly insulted although their necessity is emphasized. Garza, being a man of experience and one known to say what he feels when he feels it, recalls the ditty he heard while still in the cradle and says, "To women neither all your love nor all your money." The friends, drinking Garza's beer, agree.

Not always has Señor Garza enjoyed the place of distinction if not of material achievement that he enjoys among his friends today. In his thirty-five years his life has gone through transition after transition, conquest after conquest, setback after setback. But now Señor Garza is one of those to whom most refer, whether for reasons of friendship, indebtedness, or of having never read Plato and Aristotle, as an oracle pouring out his worldly knowledge during and between the course of his haircuts.

Garza was born in El Hoyo, the second of seven Garzas. He was born with so much hair that perhaps this is what later prompted him to be a barber. At five he almost burned the house down while playing with matches. At ten he was still waiting for his older brother to outgrow his clothes so that they could be handed down to him. Garza had the desire to learn, but even before he found out about school Garza had already attained a fair knowledge of everything. Especially the knowledge of want. Finally, his older brother got a new pair of overalls and Garza got his clothes. On going to school he immedi-

ately claimed having gone to school in Mexico so Garza was tried out in the 3B. In the 4A his long legs fitted under the desk, so he had to begin his education there. In the 5B he fell in love with the teacher and was promptly promoted to avert a scandal. When Garza was sixteen and had managed to get to the eighth grade, school suddenly became a mass of equations, blocks, lines, angles, foreign names, and headaches. At seventeen it might have driven him to insanity so Garza wisely cut his schooling short at sixteen.

On leaving school Garza tried various enterprises. He became a delivery boy for a drug store. He became a stock room clerk for a shoe store. But of all enterprises the one he found most profitable was that of shearing dogs. He advertised his business and it flourished until it became very obvious that his house and brothers were getting quite flea ridden. Garza had to give it up. The following year he was overcome with the tales of vast riches in California. Not that there was gold, but there were grapes to be picked. He went to California. But of that trip he has more than once said that the tallness of the Californian garbage cans made him come back twenty ponds lighter and without hair under his armpits. Garza then tried the CCC camp. But it turned out that there were too many bosses with muscles that looked like golf balls whom Garza thought it best not to have much to do with. Garza was already one that could keep everybody laughing all day long, but this prevented almost everybody from working. At night when most boys at camp were either listening to the juke box in the canteen, or listening to the playing of sad guitars, Garza trimmed heads at fifteen cents. After three months of piling rocks, carrying logs, and of getting fed up with his bosses' perpetual desires of making him work, Garza came back to the city with the money he had saved cutting hair and through a series of deals was allowed a barber's chair in a going-establishment.

In a few years Garza came to be a barber of prominence. He had grown to love the idle conversation that is typical of barber shops, the mere idle gossip that often speaks of broken homes and forsaken women in need of friends. These Garza has always sought and in his way has done his best to put in higher spirits. Even after his marriage he continued to receive anonymous after anonymous

phone call. He came to know the bigtime operators and their brand of filthy doings. He came to know the bootleggers, thieves, love merchants, and rustlers. He came to know also the smalltime operators with the bigtime complex and their shallowness of human understanding. He came to know false friends that came to him and said, "We're throwing a dance. We've got a good crowd. The tickets are two dollars." And on feeling superior, once the two dollars had fattened their wallets and inflated their conceit, remarked upon seeing him at the dance, "Damn, even the barber came." But in time Garza has seen many of these grow fat. He has seen their women go unfaithful. He has seen them get spiritually lost in trying to keep up materially with the people next door. He has seen them go bankrupt buying gabardine to make up for their lack of style. Their hair had cooties but smelled of aqua-rosa. The edges of their underwear were frilled even though they wore new suits. They gave breakfasts for half of the city to prove that "they had" and only ended up with piles of dirty dishes. Garza watched, philosophized, cut more hair, and of this has more than once said in the course of a beer or idle conversation among friends, "Damned fools, when you go, how in the hell are you going to take it with you? You are buried in your socks. Your suit is slit in the back and placed on top of you."

So in time Garza became the owner of his own barber shop. Garza's Barber Shop with its three Koken barber chairs, its reception sofas, its shoeshine stand, wash bowls, glass kits, pictures, objects to be sold and raffled, and juke box. Second to none in its colorful array of true friends and false, of drunks, loafers, bullfighters, boxers, other barbers, moochers, and occasional customers. Perfumed with the poetry of the immortal Antonio Plaza, and seasoned with naughty jokes told at random.

Soon the night becomes old and empty beer bottles are collected and put in the little back room. Chonito, who has swept the floor while Garza and his friends have consumed beer, asks for a fifty-cent advance or swears with the power of his fourteen years that he will never sweep the shop again, and gets it. Lily-boy phones his wife again and tells her that he is about to start home and that he is sober.

Rodriguez, if he worked that day, says he has a bad cold which he must go home to cure, but asks for an advance to buy his tonic at Tom's Liquor Store. Then the lights are switched off and Garza, his barbers, his friends, and Chonito, file out. Garza, not forgetting the words he heard while in the cradle, "To women neither all your love nor all your money," either goes up the street to the Royal Inn for a glass of beer or to the All States Pool Hall. Then he goes home. Garza, a philosopher. Owner of Garza's Barber Shop. But the shop will never own Garza.

CUCO GOES TO A PARTY

By MARIO SUAREZ

ONE NIGHT Cuco Martinez decided not to go home right away. Every night he hurried home from work because his two brothers-in-law did it and thought it right. The brothers-in-law believed that if a man got up very early in the morning and cooked his breakfast, it was right. The brothers-in-law believed that if a man came straight home from work, it was right. The brothers-in-law also believed that if a man worried about the price of household needs and discussed them with the wife, it was right. Maybe it was right. But only to his two brothers-in-law. To Cuco it was very boring. So tonight he would not go home right away. If his brothers-in-law wanted to be henpecked and do so, it was all right with him. Where he came from men did as they pleased, and here, as long as his name was Cuco Martinez he would do the same thing. When Cuco walked out of Feldman's Furniture Store at six o'clock he did not direct his steps toward his home in El Hoyo as he usually did. He walked up the street to Garza's Barber Shop. It was already closed but Garza and his friends were inside. When

Cuco was let in, Garza, who was shaving, said, "Happy are the eyes that greet you, Cuco."

"The feeling is mutual, Garza. And what is new with you?" asked Cuco as he sat down with two of Garza's friends on the long reception sofa and began thumbing through a magazine.

"Cuco," said Garza, "today is Lily-boy's birthday and I hope you will join Procuna, Lolo, and myself in honoring him."

"I will be glad to," said Cuco.

So when Garza was through shaving, when the lights were put out, and when the door was locked, Lily-boy, who was to be the honored one, Garza, Procuna, Lolo, and Cuco walked up the street to the Royal Inn. When they got there it was not yet very full of customers because it was at the time when most men were at home eating supper. The bartender was wiping glasses in anticipation of a good night. The juke box was still silent. Lolo, who walked in ahead of everybody, promptly found a good table and the five friends sat down and ordered beer. Cuco went to the juke box and soon the gay rhythm of *El Fandango* was filling the air. Garza ordered more beer and Lolo, who is sometimes very poetic, toasted to Lily-boy. Lily-boy was wished eternal happiness. Whether he deserved that kind of happiness was questionable. He was also wished a thousand happy years. Whether Lily-boy really wanted that many was also questionable. "Bottoms up," said Garza. The friends drank. And drank. After a few hours the table was so littered with bottles that Lolo began to wonder how much he could get for them should he decide to go into the bottle-collecting business. Lily-boy went to the phone booth to tell his wife that he would soon be home and that he would arrive sober. Lolo, who was the king of the jitterbugs and an up-and-coming prize fighter as well, was thinking of challenging everybody. He looked across the table to see which one of his companions would make a good match. When Lolo realized that these were no fighters, he looked at a little group of drunks, and on seeing that they did not look like good potential foes, he shouted a few obscenities at them and continued drinking his beer. Garza was trying to brush off a little drunk who was sure that he had seen him

somewhere and Garza was trying to convince him that it had probably been at Garza's Barber Shop. Cuco was saying to Procuna, "I think that if I had my way about most things I would go to Mexico City and see a full season of bullfights. I sure like them. I truthfully believe that there is nothing as full of emotion as a good bullfight. I remember having been at bullfights from the time I was about eight years old. I used to go with my father. But what I remember best is when I saw Silverio Perez make such a beautiful kill that that supreme moment has lived with me ever since."

"Why, Cuco?" asked Procuna.

"Well," continued Cuco, "Perez is not a good killer. He is a good bullfighter but he is not a good killer. But this bull, which was as big as a house, knocked him down. When Perez was on the ground the bull almost gored him but luckily, when he got up, only his pants were torn. Silverio was so mad that he picked up the *estoque* with which he would soon kill the bull and, in his rage, slapped the bull across the face. Silverio Perez was mad. Then he lined himself up with the left horn. He sighted the bull. The two met. Collided. For a second there was but a mass of enraged animal and embroidered silk. But in the end Silverio Perez was alive, though shaken, and the bull was dead. Yes, Procuna, Silverio Perez is great."

"How about Armillita, Cuco, is he any good?" asked Procuna.

"Is he any good? You ask me. Is he any good? Why—, he is the *maestro* of *maestros*. He is the teacher of teachers. When Armillita wants to be good he can do the impossible. He is great. I saw him perform in the Mexico City arena. He was magnificent. Each time the bull passed by his body it seemed that the great Armillita would end up on the horns of the bull. Yet he was as much at ease in the midst of it all as we are here, drinking beer. There is no doubt. Like Armillita there are not two."

Soon Cuco got up to demonstrate, with the aid of his coat, how the bulls were passed. Procuna acted as a bull, and Cuco told his friends how the different passes were executed. He explained how in the art of bullfighting things must be done with delicacy and finesse. Cuco waved the coat and Procuna, the bull, charged. He charged

true and straight and Cuco passed him with grace and charm. He charged again. And again. Each time Cuco passed him with all the known passes in the art of bullfighting. Each time Procuna, the bull, charged he came so close to Cuco that he almost bumped him. But he didn't. After a fine exhibition of cape work Cuco drank some more beer. Then he stood in front of the table of the companions and to Lily-boy, who was the guest of honor, dedicated as the *matadores* do in Mexico City, the death of the bull. Once again Cuco took the coat and Procuna, the bull, charged. The bull was getting tired. Soon Cuco realized this and went through the motions of killing him. By this time half of the people in the Royal Inn were crowded around Cuco. Procuna, who had been a good bull, got off the floor, dusted himself, and drank some more beer. Garza was proud of them. He hugged both of them. Lolo, who was very anxious for a bit of excitement, challenged Lily-boy to a fight. Lily-boy was very drunk. He, too, was willing to fight. He feared no man so he was willing. So Lolo and Lily-boy went out into the alley followed by a big crowd to fight it out. After a while Lily-boy and Lolo, who had shaken hands after their fight, came back to drink more beer. Lily-boy had merely sat on top of poor little Lolo. But still it had been a great fight. By this time, Garza, who has always been a good barber and better philosopher, was thinking of turning into an impresario. He was thinking of organizing a bullfight at the edge of the Santa Cruz River. He was also thinking of promoting a few boxing matches. Lily-boy once again went to the phone booth to tell his wife that he was about to start for home. Lolo was challenging Garza. Lolo was bribed into silence with another beer. Cuco was telling Procuna more about fighting bulls. Every now and then one of them would get up to execute a pass. Lily-boy was getting so drunk that he was looking for the phone booth in the men's room. After he came back to the table and had another beer he was looking for the men's room in the phone booth. Garza, in truth, was having a hell of a time keeping his friends on their feet. Lolo was insistent about fighting Lily-boy again. He wanted a re-match. Mike, the bartender, gave them a red drink on the house. After all, they had been very good

customers. They had broken no chairs and upset no tables. Very soon Mike decided that they deserved another drink on the house. When the second drink went down the throats of the friends they began to drop. Soon the only ones left standing were Procuna, who was executing passes, and Garza. Garza realized that it was late so he bought Procuna another bottle of beer and told him to keep an eye on things while he went for the car to take the friends home. He well realized that if the authorities saw them in their present condition it would be taken for granted that they had been drinking. Garza went for the car and Procuna, who was left in charge, fell asleep on the shoulder of Lily-boy. When Garza came in for his friends he first woke Procuna. Together they carried Lolo, the king of the jitterbugs, feet first to the car. Then they carried out Cuco, a very nice young man, and put him in the car. Last but not least, they tried to awaken Lily-boy, who was very fat, and who had to hurry home to cut his birthday cake. Finally he had to be carried to the car, too. After the three friends were piled into the back seat and the doors closed, Procuna jumped into the front seat with Garza and the car started toward each of their respective homes. Lolo, the king of the jitterbugs, woke up long enough to say that he was hungry. Garza, who cannot stand anybody being hungry as long as they are with him, told Lolo to shut up and go to sleep. Garza turned toward the Hacienda Cafe. When they got there the only ones that were able to get out to eat were Procuna and Garza. Lolo did not wake up so Garza thought it best for him to sleep. After a hot meal and a singeing cup of coffee Garza and Procuna decided that they were still too sober so they went across the street to the Gato Blanco Cafe. They drank a few beers. They shook hands with a few friends and then went back to the car. When they got going again Lolo was taken home first and put to bed because he was training for his next fight and needed rest. Cuco then decided that he did not want to go home right away. He wanted to get out of the car for a certain universal necessity. So Garza patiently stopped the car and Cuco remedied his need. Then he was taken home. Lily-boy was taken home. He was a little bit late to cut his birthday cake but at least

he was home. After Procuna, who had to go to school the next day was dropped off at his house, Garza started for his own. After all, it had been a gay party. Lolo had fought Lily-boy. Cuco had fought many bulls. Procuna had executed passes and had consumed a lot of beer. Garza was happy that his friends had been happy and with a smile on his lips and very glassy, tired eyes, drove home. Tomorrow he had to go to work.

The next day, in the early afternoon, Procuna dropped around to Garza's Barber Shop with his schoolbooks under his arm. Garza was putting the finishing touches on a customer when he came in. When he saw him, he said, "My great Procuna, how are you?"

"Fine, Garza, and you?" asked Procuna with a tired voice. "I thought I was going to go to sleep in class today. But wow, I sure had a wonderful time last night."

"Yes. I guess we all did. When you and Cuco started you were fighting little bulls. By the time you got the free drink from the bartender you were fighting bulls from La Punta about five years old," said Garza.

"How about Cuco, has he been in?" inquired Procuna.

"Well, Procuna, I am going to tell you," said Garza.

"Tell me what," said Procuna.

"Well, Cuco was in here a little while ago and just went out to eat with Lily-boy. He is sad. In fact, he is very sad," said Garza.

"Why in the hell should he be sad today? He was very happy yesterday," said Procuna.

"Well, last night he lost his underwear," said Garza.

"And—?" inquired Procuna.

"Just that poor Cuco has been at odds with his in-laws and they found this as an excuse to turn his wife against him. Poor Emilia," said Garza, "but I think the damned in-laws are talking her into getting a divorce from Cuco." Garza brushed off the customer's neck and took off the linen apron. He rang up seventy-five cents in the cash register and continued, "Yes, that is the way it is. Cuco really loves his wife too. It is only that his in-laws do not give him a minute of peace."

At that moment Lily-boy and Cuco walked into the barber shop. Lily-boy put on his barber's apron and Cuco sat down in the reception sofa. He looked very sad. He did not want to talk about anything. He picked up a magazine and began to thumb through it. Looking up, Cuco said, "Yes, Garza, I guess it was all a mistake for me to get married in the first place. The only thing that worries me is that Emilia is going to have a child. I really planned to stay married to her. But I guess I will just wait until it is born and then go back to Mexico."

"And her?" asked Garza.

"She will keep the child and I will go back by myself."

Then Cuco once again began to look through the magazine for a little longer and then, without saying anything, got up and walked out of the barber shop. The friends, Procuna, Lily-boy, and Garza, felt sorry for him. He was a good young man. They felt somewhat guilty for having got him so drunk that he had to go and lose his underwear.

Cuco Martinez was not very gay after that. Every day he went home to hear the nagging ways of his in-laws. Cuco was not understood. At first he had been something new but now nobody seemed to like him any longer. The brothers-in-law told him that he was a no-good fancy storyteller that should have stayed working for the railroad. They told him that he would always be but a rest room cleaner at Feldman's Furniture Store. That he was so stupid that he should not expect to ever make over thirty dollars a week. That he was nothing but a no-good drunk and that they did not see how Emilia had ever fallen in love and consented to marry him. Every day the same thing happened. Cuco got mad and said nothing. He knew that conditions would change. As soon as the child was born he would leave. Because he loved Emilia very much, he realized he could not stay long enough for her to dislike him for the same things his brothers-in-law did. He would return to Mexico. That is the way he would have it.

LOCO-CHU

By MARIO SUAREZ

EVERY MORNING Loco-Chu is on Congress Street asking for nickels. Truthfully, a nickel is not much to give anybody, much less to Loco-Chu. But almost everybody is very tired of giving them to him. Loco-Chu will accept dimes and even pennies but his passion is nickels. When people see him coming, walking as if in a daze with his battered hat pulled well over his eyes, with his shredded tie, his old coat and very patched trousers, they cross the street to avoid him. To be seen close to him is an excuse for someone to say, "I saw you with your relative." So most people try to avoid poor Chu. If one chooses to remain on the same sidewalk until he passes, he is sure to say to him, "Go away, Chu. Go away." Sometimes he does. But sometimes he does not and will follow, pointing, grunting, and cursing. This, most people find very annoying, so Chu almost always gets the nickel he demands. Then he smiles. Music is on his mind. He pulls his hat farther down over his eyes and throws back his shoulders. He pulls up his trousers. He walks very happily, puffing on a snipe of a cigarette, into the Canton Cafe because it seems that it is the only restaurant that will accept his small trade. "Coffee," he says. The saliva begins to drip from the corners of his mouth. "Coffee. I have money. I have money. Coffee." In order to avoid difficulties within his establishment, Lin Lew brings him coffee and gives him old doughnuts and pieces of cake or pie. Lin Lew never charges Chu. After eating the pastries and drinking some of the coffee, spilling the rest on his vest and part on the fly of his trousers, Chu gets up and walks out. He wanders up and down Congress Street some more. He goes by Garza's Barber Shop and makes faces at the customers. He makes dirty signs with his hands. He grunts and shouts nasty words. Garza, the barber, then leaves his customer, goes to the door with any old newspaper and a nickel and says to Chu, "Extra, Chu. Go sell it." And Chu happily takes the

nickel and the paper and goes up and down the street hollering, "Extra! Extra! Paper! Five cents. Extra paper!"

By noon Chu sometimes has as many as a dozen nickels. He tinkles them and he is happy. He has music on his mind. He then defies everybody. He will insult even without provocation. Once again he goes to the Canton Cafe and sits down. "Food," he shouts, "I want food!" And Lin Lew goes to the kitchen and brings him a dish of rice or a bowl of soup. As Chu eats, leaving food all over the floor and all over the counter, he smiles. He bares his teeth and says with words coming from his heart, "*Buena comida.* Good food." Lin Lew nods and is happy that Chu is content. After eating, Chu automatically gets up and goes to the back room. He emerges with a bucket of hot water and a mop and goes to work. He hums as he glides the mop over the floor and underneath the tables. When he is through he puts the mop away, empties the dirty water, and leaves. Lin Lew smiles, breathes freely, and feels more than paid.

In the afternoon Chu walks past Garza's Barber Shop again, puffing his snipe, and repeats his nasty signs. He goes by the Pastime Penny Arcade and cusses at the top of his voice at the zoot suiters seated along the window sill like crows on a telephone wire. He tells them of their canine ancestry, but they know him and shrug him off saying, "Poor damned nitwit." When of this he gets his fill Chu walks into the Plaza Theater. He never bothers to pay. New ushers there only try throwing him out the first time. He sits in the front row and spreading his arms and feet he hums with the music in the picture. He is happy. Music is on his mind. After the movie, even if he has seen it for three days straight, he is very content. Chu stands in front of the theater and tries to show people the announcements as they continuously try to scare him away. Then he walks up and down the street. He will stop at busy corners and direct traffic. When he tires of this he goes for the last time to the Canton Cafe. He sits down at the counter and orders coffee. He refuses anything else even if it is given him by some stranger who wants to do a good deed when he sees how thin Chu is. It is here that Chu's tired eves shine like those of a young boy. He takes a new snipe from his

pocket, and after lighting it, he smiles and shows the decaying bits of food hanging between his decaying teeth and purplish gums. Chu is happiest at the Canton Cafe. It is here that he sips hot coffee until the wee hours of the night when Lin Lew, with Oriental delicacy, pushes him out.

Chu dislikes having to leave because he is happy and with music on his mind. It is at the Canton that Chu spends all the nickels that people give him. He puts them, one by one, into the fancily lighted juke box. As the records mechanically come up, begin revolving, and are touched by the needle, the music, of whatever kind it may be, is singularly Loco-Chu's. If anybody else comes close to the juke box he growls and says, "Mine. Get out. You son of a b--ch. Get out. Mine." And it is rightly Chu's music. It is all he has.

KID ZOPILOTE

By MARIO SUAREZ

WHEN Pepe García came back from a summer in Los Angeles everybody began to call him Kid Zopilote. He did not know why he did not like the sound of it, but in trying to keep others from calling him that he got into many fights and scrapes. Still everybody he associated with persisted in calling him Kid Zopilote. When he dated a girl with spit curls and dresses so short that they almost bared her garters, everybody more than ever called him Kid Zopilote. It annoyed him very much. But everybody kept saying, "Kid Zopilote. Kid Zopilote." When he reasoned that it was a name given him because he dated this particular girl, he began to go with another one who wore very shiny red slacks and a very high pompadour. But to his dismay he found that he was still Kid Zopilote. All the girls who were seen with him were quickly dubbed Kiddas Zopilotas. This hurt their pride. Soon even the worst

girls began to shun poor Kid Zopilote. None of the girls wanted to be seen with him. When he went to the Tira-Chancla Dance Hall very few of the girls consented to dance with him. When they did, it was out of compassion. But when the piece ended the girls never invited Kid Zopilote to the table. They thanked him on the run and began talking to someone else. Anybody else. Somehow all of this made Kid Zopilote very sad. He blamed everything on his cursed nickname. He could dance as well as anybody else and even better. Still he was an outcast. He could not understand what his nickname had to do with his personality. It sounded very ugly.

When he came back from Los Angeles he had been very happy until he went out to see his friends. He had come back with an even greater desire to dance. To him everything was in rhythm. Everywhere he went, even if it was only inside the house, he snapped his fingers and swung his body. His every motion and action was, as they say, in beat. His language had changed quite a bit, too. Every time he left the house he said to his mother, "Ma, I will *returniar* in a little while." When he returned he said, "Ma, I was *watchiando* a good movie, that is why I am a little bit late." And Señora García found it very hard to break him of saying things like that. But that was not the half of it. It was his clothes that she found very odd. When he opened a box he brought from Los Angeles and took from it a suit and put it on Señora García was horrified.

"Why, Pepe, what kind of a suit is that?" asked Señora García.

"Ma, this is the *styleacho* in Los Angeles, *Califo*."

"Well, I certainly do not like it, Pepe."

"Ah, mama, but I like it. And I will tell you why. When I first got to California I was very lonely. I got a job picking fruit in no time at all and I was making very good money. But I also wanted to have a good time. So—one day I was down there in a place called Olvera Street in Los Angeles and I noticed that many of the boys who were Mexicans like me had suits like this one. They were very happy and very gay. They all had girls. They were many others, but they were not having any fun. They were squares. Well, I tried to talk to them, but it seemed as though they thought they were too

good for me. Then I talked to the ones that were wearing drapes and they were more friendly. But even with them I could not go too far in making friends. So I bought this suit. Soon I went down to Olvera Street again and I got invited to parties and everything. I was introduced to many girls."

"But I do not like the suit, Pepe. It does not become you. I know now that you came back from California a cursed *pachuco*. A no-good zoot suiter. I am very sorry I ever let you go in the first place. I am only thanking Jesus Christ that your father is dead so that he would not see you with the sadness that I see you now."

"Well, ma, I will tell you something else right now if that is the way you feel about it. I am not the same as I used to be. I used to think that I would never want to wear a suit like this one. But now I like it. If the squares in Tucson do not wear a suit like this one is that my fault or is it for me to question? No. And I do not care. But if I like it and want to wear it I will. Leave me alone, ma, and let me wear what I please."

"You will not leave this house with that suit on, Pepe," said his mother, as she stood before the door, obstructing his path. "I will not have the neighbors see you in it."

"The neighbors do not buy my clothes, ma, so if they do not like my taste they can go to hell," said Kid Zopilote, as he gently moved his mother from the door and went out.

After that Señora García said nothing. Whenever Kid Zopilote went about the house with his pleated pants doing the shimmy to the radio, she merely sighed. When he clomped his thick-soled shoes in rhythm, she left the room in complete disappointment. When Kid Zopilote put on his long finger-tip coat, his plumed hat, dangled his knife on a thick watch chain, and went out of the house, Señora García cried.

Every day Kid Zopilote walked past the Chinese stores, the shoeshine parlors, barber shops, bars, and flop houses on Meyer Street. Sometimes he spent the entire day at Kaiser's Shoeshine Parlor. This was where, through time, a few lonely zoot suiters had been attracted by the boogie woogie music of the juke box. All day they

put nickel after nickel into it to snap their fingers and sway their bodies with the beat. On other days Kid Zopilote went uptown to the Pastime Penny Arcade. Here again, the zoot suiters came in hour after hour to try their luck with the pinball machines. They walked by the scales a few dozen times a day and instead of stopping to weigh, they took out a very long comb and ran it through their hair to make sure that it met in back of the head in the shape of a duck's tail. Then they went outside to lean on the window. They sat on the sill and conversed until very late at night. Here they followed the every action of the girls that passed. They shouted from one side of the street to the other when they saw a friend or enemy, their only other action being that of bringing up cigarettes to the lips, letting the smoke out through the nose, and spitting on the sidewalk through the side of the mouth, leaving big yellow-green splotches on the cement.

One morning Kid Zopilote got up very early and went to visit his uncle who was from Mexico. When he got to the house, Kid Zopilote walked in the front door and found his *tío* was still asleep in street clothes. But it was very important to Kid Zopilote to find out the true implication of his nickname. So he woke his uncle. After the two started a fire, made and ate breakfast, with an inquisitive look on his face Kid Zopilote began, "*Tío*, you are a *relativo* of mine because you are a brother of my mother. But I know and you know that my mother does not like for me to visit you because you are a *wino*. But today I came to ask you something very important."

"What is on your mind?" asked the uncle.

"Well, before I went to Los Angeles everybody I knew used to call me Pepe. But since I came back everybody now calls me Kid Zopilote. Why? What is the true meaning of Kid Zopilote?"

"The zopilote is a bird," said his uncle.

"*Si*—?"

"Yes, the zopilote is a bird . . . " said his uncle, repeating himself.

"What more, *tío*?" asked Kid Zopilote.

"Well—in truth, it is a very funny bird. His appearance is like that of a buzzard. I remember the zopilotes very well. There are

many in Mazatlán because the weather there is very hot. The damned zopilotes are as black as midnight. They have big beaks and they also have a lot of feathers on their ugly heads. I used to kill them with rocks. They come down to earth like giant airplanes, feeling out a landing, touching the earth. When they hit the earth they keep sliding forward until their speed is gone. Then they walk like punks walk into a bar. When the damned zopilotes eat, they only eat what has previously been eaten. Sometimes they almost choke and consequently they puke. But always there is another zopilote who comes up from behind and eats the puke of the first. Then they look for a tree. When they ease themselves on the poor tree, the tree dies. After they eat more puke and kill a few more trees, they once again start running into the wind. They get air speed. They become airborne. Then they fly away."

"So you mean that they call me Kid Zopilote because they think I eat puke?" asked Kid Zopilote as his eyes became narrow with anger. "Tell me, is that why?"

"Not necessarily, Pepe, perhaps there are other reasons," said his uncle.

"The guys can go to hell then. If they can't call me Pepe they do not have to call me anything."

"But I would not worry about it anymore, Pepe. If once they began to call you Kid Zopilote they will never stop. It is said that a zopilote can never be a peacock," said his uncle, "and you probably brought it on to yourself." So Kid Zopilote went away from the house of his uncle very angry.

One night there was a stranger at Kaiser's Shoeshine Parlor. While he was not a zoot suiter he had the appearance of one of those slick felines that can never begin to look like a human being even if he should have on a suit of English tweed and custom-made shirts. He was leaning against the wall, quietly smoking a cigarette, when Kid Zopilote arrived. As usual Kid Zopilote saluted the zoot suiters with their universal greeting, "*Esos* guys, how goes it?"

"*Pos ai nomas.* Oh, just so-so," said another *pachuco.*

"Well, put in a good jitter piece," said Kid Zopilote. Before the

pachuco could slip the nickel into the slot, the stranger slipped in a coin and the juke box began to fill Kaiser's with beat.

Kid Zopilote and the other *pachuco* were thankful. After the stranger sized up Kid Zopilote he said, "Have a cigarette, won't you?"

"Thank you," said Kid Zopilote. And from that day Kid Zopilote smoked the man's cigarettes. In time he was being charged extravagant prices for them but Kid Zopilote always managed to get the price. He walked into the Western Cleaning Company and walked out with pressing irons. He went into business establishments and always came out with something. He stole fixtures off parked automobiles. Anything. Kid Zopilote needed the cigarettes at any price.

One day the man said to him, "You know, Kid, I can no longer sell you cigarettes."

"I always pay you for them," said Kid Zopilote.

"Yes, I know you always pay for them. But from now on you can only have them when you bring your friends here. For every friend you bring me I will give you a cigarette. Is that fair?"

"Fair enough," said Kid Zopilote. So in time many young *pachucos* with zoot suits began hanging around Kaiser's. Every day new boys came and asked for the stranger and the Kaiser directed them up a little stairway to the man with the free cigarettes. In time he no longer gave them. He sold them. And the guys who bought them were affected in many ways. Talaro Fernandez crept on the floor like a dog. Chico Sanchez went up and down Meyer Street challenging everybody. Gaston Fuentes opened the fly of his pants and wet the sidewalk. Kid Zopilote panted like a dog and then passed out in a little back room at Kaiser's. Even Kid Zopilote was not getting the cigarettes for nothing because in no time at all he brought in all the potential customers. He had to pay for his smokes as did everybody else. In order to get the money he went to work hustling trade for Cetrina who gave him a small percentage from her every amorous transaction. In the morning when trade was not buzzing Kid Zopilote stayed in her room and listened to dance records. When he tired of that he headed uptown to the Pastime or Kaiser's. Sometimes he walked into Robert's Cafe for a cup of coffee. There, when any of

the squares that knew Kid Zopilote from the cradle asked him why he did not go to work, he got mad.

"Me go to work? Are you crazy? I do not want to work. Besides, I have money. I sell kick smokes and I can get you fixed up for five dollars with a *vata* that is really good looking," he said.

"That is no good. You will get into a lot of trouble eventually," they said to him.

"No, I won't. Anyway, I haven't got a damned education. I haven't got no damned nothing. But I'll make out." Then Kid Zopilote got up and snapped his fingers in beat and swayed his body as he walked out.

One day Kid Zopilote was caught in a riot involving the *pachucos* and the Mexicans from the high school whose dignities were being insulted by the fact that a few illogical people were beginning to see a zoot suit on every Mexican and every Mexican in a zoot suit. It ended up with the police intervening. The Mexicans from the high school were sent home and the *pachucos* were herded off to jail. The next day they were given free haircuts. Their drapes and pleated pants were cut with scissors. They crept home along alleys, like shorn dogs with their tails between their legs, lest people should see them.

"I am glad it happened to you, Pepe," said Señora García, "I am glad." But Kid Zopilote did not say a word. His head was as shiny as a billiard ball. His zoot suit was no more. All day he stayed at home and played his guitar. It was strange that he should like it so much but now there was nowhere he could go without people pointing at him should he as much as go past the front door.

"Pepito," said his mother, "you play so beautifully that it makes me want to cry. You have such a musical touch, Pepe, yet you have never done anything to develop it. But you do play wonderfully, Pepe."

One day as Kid Zopilote strummed his guitar, a boy looked over the fence and said to him, "*Tocas bien.* You play very well." But Kid Zopilote said nothing. This boy looked like many of the other American boys he knew that never had anything to do with him. "I

play, too," continued the boy, "so I hope you will not mind if I come into your yard and play with you. I will bring my guitar and perhaps we can play together. I learned from my Mexican friends in Colorado. I am attending school here."

"You can come if you wish," said Kid Zopilote. So the boy did and in time they were good friends.

One night the boy said to Kid Zopilote, "You were not meant to be a damned *pachuco*."

"Look, I like to play the guitar in your company but I do not want you or anybody else to tell me what I should be and what I should not be," said Kid Zopilote in an angry tone.

"I am sorry. We will just let it go at that," said the boy.

So, while Kid Zopilote's hair did not grow, he spent hour after hour with his friend who was thoroughly overcome with the beauty with which Kid Zopilote executed and with the feeling he gave his music. When Kid Zopilote's hair began to respond to the comb the friend took Kid Zopilote to visit friends. They went from party to party. They played at women's luncheons. They played on radio programs. Both were summoned for any event which demanded music.

"Pepe will be the finest guitar player in the whole Southwest," said Kid Zopilote's friend.

But when Kid Zopilote's hair grew long and met in the back of his head in the shape of a duck's tail he no longer played the guitar. Anyway, most zopilotes eat puke even when better things are available a little farther away from their beaten runways and dead trees. As Kid Zopilote's uncle had said, "A zopilote can never be a peacock." So it was. Because even if he can, he does not want to.

SOUTHWEST PAINTED POTTERY

By CLARA LEE TANNER

II. THE HISTORIC PERIOD

IN THE SOUTHWEST there are three general areas of prehistoric development, a northern plateau or Anasazi, a southeastern and central mountain culture called the Mogollon, and a southern desert or Hohokam group. Lineal descendants of the first peoples are represented in the Hopi of north-central Arizona, the Zuñi of western New Mexico, and the many pueblos of the Rio Grande drainage of the same state. Seemingly there are no survivors of the Mogollon. Some authorities believe that the Pima-Papago tribes are the probable Hohokam descendants.

Two thousand years ago some of these prehistoric southwestern Indians were experimenting with clay. Contemporary gourd, basket, and other shapes were first copied by some of these folk. Then the full freedom of a new medium, clay, was felt, and the potter branched out into varied forms. Eventually these were perfected and through the centuries, down to the present time, olla and bowl shapes have fulfilled the major requirements of these Stone Age agriculturists. Occasional other forms were introduced as need demanded, but few survived through historic years.

Design, too, lent itself admirably to the growth of the ceramic craft. No longer fettered by technique controls, as in weaving of baskets and textiles, pottery designs reached peaks in goemetric elaboration and perfection, in simplified realism, in conventional design, and in imaginative creations. Considerable range in color was expressed, too. Earlier there were two-color wares, black on white, red on buff. Later polychrome combinations added to the beauty of elaborated design. Black, red, and white, or orange, black, red, and white were popular.

Despite the brilliant heritage of the past, and because of conflicts resulting from the white man's invasion, some Southwest Indians have totally or almost totally abandoned ceramic expressions. Sandia no longer makes pottery, Zuñi produces very little today. Others have weakly pursued the craft, subject to the whims of whatever influences have come their way. Isleta aims at pleasing a changing public in the bric-a-brac she produces. Another group has faithfully pursued pottery making, either in an unbroken continuum or in periodic revival of ancient styles. Although Zuñi does little work, she has followed natural trends in shape and design development through the centuries. The Hopi reached back to the plate prehistoric wares excavated at Sikyatki for inspiration in reviving ceramics at Hano. San Ildefonso pottery was a degenerate expression in the early 1900's, but excavation of fine prehistoric wares on the Pajarito Plateau served to spur these puebloans to a revival which has resulted in wares equal to any today.

Pottery making has survived in the Southwest not because of, but in spite of, contacts with higher civilizations. As indicated above, this art was on the decline but still at a high point when the Spanish entered the Southwest in 1538. It was kept alive in New Mexico through the *encomienda* system. Because of transportation difficulties, pottery for domestic use was much in demand. Indians were drafted under this Spanish system from different pueblos and forced to labor together. Thus they continued to follow their craft; this also gave them an opportunity to exchange ideas from village to village, and explains a spread of design evident in later years. However, as the *encomienda* system disintegrated and Indians returned to their villages, the heavy demand for native wares became a thing of the past.

The next significant demand was from a souvenir-seeking public, whose first idea was that to be Indian an object must be crude (and cheap!). No greater disaster could have befallen a worthy craft. Many villages attempted to favor this wary public, but in others the fine artistic heritage rebelled at the demand for mediocrity. Fortunately for the latter feeling, at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, many Indian villages became re-estab-

lished along independent economic lines; they were strengthened in their old religions, and health conditions were bettered. Pottery, too, enjoyed a revival along native lines.

In the past, pottery was made by most women in each pueblo or village. As enamel, tin, and other utensils have been substituted for clay, the amount of pottery used natively dwindled appreciably. Today there is a higher ratio between commercial demand for the wares of a village and the number of ceramists in that village. Little more than occasional cooking vessels and pieces made for religious purposes survive for native use today. Consequently, pottery making is fast becoming a specialized craft pursued by a limited few. Doubtless this explains why we hear more of Nampeo of Hano, Maria of San Ildefonso, than one would have heard of individuals in the past. Doubtless, too, this explains certain "shifts" in art trends. With the growth in popularity of the lovely black wares of San Ildefonso, more women have returned to the craft as a source of income; hence a large proportion of these villagers are potters today. At Picuris the native cooking pot has recently received popular acclaim, thus encouraging more women in its manufacture.

Commercial demand has invited a certain amount of experimentation, particularly in the field of vessel shapes and surface finish. Design remains sadly neglected. Despite this, the native potter still does her best work when she adheres to traditional shapes and designs which have become so refined through the centuries. Thus the Picuris pot mentioned above is the "bean pot" of old; thus the best vessel forms of San Ildefonso follow age-old lines.

Today pottery is made in all Indian villages very much as it was in the prehistoric past. The potter's wheel was never known and is not used by any native Southwest potter today. Yet vessel shapes are often as perfect, as symmetrical, as any produced on the wheel. In fact, it is the unsymmetrical shape which catches the eye, for it is rare. Vessel walls are often as thin as those of wheel-made wares, as, for example, in the excellent Acoma pots.

Clays are widely distributed throughout the Southwest, and are of varying quality. Choice of the best available materials is recognized

as the first essential step in the production of better pottery. The poor potter often chooses the easy-of-access deposit; the artist will seek the better clay beds despite time and effort required to reach them. Choice of clay is likewise related to vessel usage: for cooking vessels, coarse clays, finer ones for other wares.

A slip is a thin wash, usually colored, placed over the exterior of smallmouthed vessels and over the interior, and often the exterior also, of openmouthed vessels. Generally one application of the wash is made; at San Ildefonso five or six coats of a white slip are applied. The slip is sometimes a thinned solution of the vessel clay; again it may be an entirely different material. Hopis use the same clay as for the paste; at Acoma and Laguna a very fine white clay is employed for slip; and at San Ildefonso several fine clays serve as slip. Choice of a slip is usually made with artistic aims in mind.

Most slips must be polished to give them the luster so characteristic of much southwestern pottery. At San Ildefonso is a rare example of an exception in the so-called "Santo Domingo White" slip which carries a luster of its own sans manual polishing. This type is the result of experimentation on the part of the village artist, Maria. Otherwise, a small, smooth-surfaced, usually waterworn pebble is used in patiently going over the painted surface. Each potter has a selection of these stones; often they are passed down from mother to daughter. Rubbing with the polishing stone begins before the slip dries, or occasionally, as among the Papago, the slip is put on with the polishing stone.

Decorating a vessel is purely an individual matter. Most potters get a well-defined mental picture of the available space and the probable design to be used before the first stroke is applied with the yucca leaf brush. If more elaborate schemes are to be carried out, horizontal panel lines are first drawn, then vertical division lines, then the outline of main design patterns. Solid filling and small details are added later. Simpler schemes are often completed in units as the decorator progresses around the bowl. Divided design layouts predominate today as they did in the past.

Vessel forms fit largely into three main groups: jars and bowls, both traditional forms, and miscellaneous modern forms. Jars still cling to the old "olla" type, expressed within a wide range of full-bodied, narrow-necked vessels. General variation may include more or less squat forms, longer or shorter necks, rounded or elongate bodies. Bowls may be shallower or deeper, may have incurved, outcurved, or straight sides and rims. Miscellaneous modern forms run the gamut from tall slender vases and wide platters to ash trays, candlesticks, and bric-a-brac shapes. Few of the latter were inspired by ancient forms; more of them are poor copies of white man's wares.

A brief summary of modern or most recent wares of some of the potters of the Southwest follows, in particular, the wares of the descendants of the Anasazi, the modern Puebloans, and the presumed heirs of the Hohokams, the Pima and Papago folk. The Puebloans are the greatest of these potters—theirs is the inheritance of the centuries. Chapman says, "Pueblo pottery of the past three centuries proves to be a normal development in which scarcely a trace of European contact can be detected."

Connections between ancient and modern wares at Santo Domingo are rather indistinct, yet basically the simpler forms and simple geometric decoration of the ancient past still predominate. Culinary wares of clay are still made and used; they include jars, bowls, and pitchers of plain red or smudged black.

Of the decorated wares, black-on-cream bowls and jars are the most common. This has been the typical ware of Santo Domingo for centuries. The potters of this village are usually hasty in the application of designs; therefore the brush technic appears inferior as compared with some other pueblos. However, design conforms to tradition less than does shape; the artistic superiority of shape is obvious.

The single decorative area of bowls is bordered by upper and lower framing lines; in jars a similar arrangement is applied to two decorative areas, one on the shoulder, the other on the body of the vessel. These bands may be further divided by additional horizontal, vertical, or oblique lines; the resulting spaces are then filled with abstract or

graphic elements. Abstract devices include the cove, triangle, leaf, and feather details; graphic subjects are confined to flowers and birds. There is a great deal of repetition of small elements. Santo Domingo potters use very simple designs and show a preference for static and balanced patterns as opposed to dynamic and unbalanced motifs.

Heavy-walled, highly polished, black pottery with dull designs, made at San Ildefonso is one of the outstanding wares of the modern pueblos. Invented in 1921 by Maria and Julian Martinez, it quickly gained a popular foothold which it deservedly retains. This black ware includes both native and introduced shapes: bowls, ash trays, boxes, high-necked vases, and shallow platters are among the more common forms. Great care is taken in modeling and polishing. There is a formalism about the dull black decoration, yet by no means is it stereotyped. Most popular are angular designs, often in simple banded arrangements. Included among these are solid stepped elements, elongate triangles, and some frets. Curvilinear lines have crept in, some in the form of scrolls, some as wings, some as feathers, or, even, the complete form of the plumed serpent as it encircles a vase in great undulations. "The beauty of these vessels lies in the perfection of finish; ornament is intended merely to bring out by contrast the beauty of the deep lustrous polish."

Other wares are made at San Ildefonso, several of them related to this technic. A polished red with or without a dull red decoration is a close relative of the black ware. Like the black, this ware is dependent for artistry on the modeling of the vessel and on the perfection of finish, whether it be plain black or a contrast between dull and polished surfaces.

In 1931 a new style was invented at San Ildefonso, a style which has no ancestral form in the long prehistoric past. This is a carved ware, usually expressed in the above black or red polished styles with the design cut into a dull surface. While the clay is still soft, the potter carves, in low relief, simple geometric decorations or an occasional feathered serpent. The same simplicity of line, the same reserved design style, is found in the carved ware as is expressed in the red-and-black wares.

Santa Clara makes a poor copy of San Ildefonso black ware. Surfaces tend to be rougher, shapes are varied, and most of the vases are undecorated. There is a slight survival of older bowl and jar forms; more common are smaller bowls and vases. Rather outstanding is the double-necked vase called a wedding jar. Most recently, small animal figurines have become popular, and many of them are simply but well modeled. Santa Clara also makes a small amount of red ware, though it is definitely secondary to the black. Santa Clara and San Ildefonso demonstrate how close contacts diffuse art ideas.

San Juan favors the polished red style, producing very little black ware. No decoration appears on either type. In both black and red styles at San Juan the slip does not completely cover the characteristic bowl surface; thus the natural tan of the red ware and the dull black of the black ware at the base distinguish the pottery of this village from the same general styles of other villages. A revival of an ancient style is seen at this pueblo in the light brown ware with floral and geometric decorations scratched on the surfaces of vessels.

At Acoma is made the thinnest-walled wares produced in the Southwest today. The bases of vessels are slipped with a bright orange-red, the uppers are covered with white to cream paint. Red, black, orange, yellow, and brown are used in design execution. Two styles of decoration are found here, a purely geometric and a representative or naturalistic style. The geometric is intricate, ornamental, and in all-over designs. The latter is a decadent style, a culmination of a trend from simple to involved styles. The unit of design is the whole jar, and patterns fill without a break this entire field. Although the total design is involved, it is made up of few elements, all angular, and including triangles, diamonds, squares, steps, and checkerboards.

The second style at Acoma, the naturalistic, is far simpler and shows far less variability than the geometric. Birds and plants are the two themes. The bird is treated in profile, has a curved beak, three or four separate tail feathers with rounded ends, and a single painted wing emerging from the back. The "heart" is connected to the mouth with a line. Characteristically this bird nibbles at a bunch

of berries. Generally two such birds appear on a jar, each framed in an arch of red or yellow, with sprays of flowers added both within and outside the arch.

Occasionally a jar is made at Acoma today minus either the geometric or floral patterns. It is well shaped, has a white slip extending a few inches up from the base, and the upper part is in red. A few narrow black lines separate the two areas. Grace of line which time alone can create and which defies description is often found in these plain jars.

More commonly made at Acoma are small commercial pieces—candlesticks, ash trays, bowls, jars, and plaques. Black and orange designs on a white or cream ground decorate the commercial pieces. Real artistry is nonexistent in most of these.

Laguna, Acoma's closest neighbor, formerly made pottery like the above wares. The Laguna ware was heavier than that of Acoma; there were no further differences. Practically no ware is made at Laguna today.

Poorly modeled wares have been and still are characteristic of Zuñi, this feature due, no doubt, to hurried and careless finishing. Although little work is done here today, the following recent trends are presented.

Bowl and jar forms are common. A clear white slip is applied over the body, leaving the base the natural dark brown of the clay. Over the slipped area are painted all-over naturalistic or geometric patterns in dark brown-black and red. Zuñi jar decoration is distinctive in that there is always a definite break between, and a different treatment of, the body and neck areas. A simple banded pattern is characteristic of neck decoration, including both curvilinear and rectilinear elements. Never can neck patterns be applied to the body of a jar; no body design ever appears on the neck of a vessel. This rule is rigid. This is reflective of age-old usage.

The body (or "stomach" as the Zuñi call it) is often divided into vertical and horizontal areas. Squat and gay birds and geometric designs commonly fill the narrower horizontal bands. Between them and filling the two large areas from top to bottom on each side are

deer or roseate patterns. Sometimes there will be two or three parallel bands filled with figures of deer, each animal separated from the other by geometric devices or with a floral arch above each deer. A white rump and a red "life line" from heart to mouth are typical of Zuñi deer. The Zuñi have a particular aversion to crowding design. Their decoration lacks duplicating symmetry, and there is a rhythmical rather than symmetrical repetition. Zuñi decoration involves patterns of line—the use of too much paint is considered "dirty."

Modern Hopi pottery decoration as revived by Nampeo imitates one of the finest prehistoric styles. Plain ware cooking vases are made in limited quantity today in all the villages, but the decorated wares are made on First Mesa only. Squat lines characterize most of the Hopi pottery today as seen in the shallow, flat-topped water jar and the equally wide-spreading bowl. Occasional tall vases are made, and a few odd commercial shapes appear, including plates and tiles.

One of the most pleasing effects in Hopi pottery appears in the buff to yellow through orange to red unslipped ware where burning brings out colorful patches on the vessel. This ware is decorated in black, with red sometimes added and rarely a bit of white. Other types include white or red slipped wares decorated in black.

Highly conventionalized designs are typical of Hopi decoration, particularly in the two shapes which reflect the ancestry of this pottery, namely, bowls and jars. Flat-topped jars have a decorative band which carries a continuous pattern, or it may be divided into two or more equal or unequal (but balanced) sections which are filled with repeated or alternate patterns. These may be geometric or inspired by life forms, as a bird wing. Bowl designs appear on interiors. Generally they form a single design as follows: a one-line design just below the rim, or a crescent- or triangular-shaped motif suspended from a darkened sector of a circular field, or a single pattern placed somewhat above center with the largest massing of color in the upper portion. Bird designs, some so conventionalized as hardly to be recognized as such, predominate on bowls. In using the bird and

suspended volute, motifs express unsurpassed skill in the problem of the relation of mass to space.

Trinket wares are made among the Hopi. Many small bowls and jars in copy of large ones are common; so, too, are plaques, tiles, ash trays, candlesticks, boxes, and other odd shapes. Decoration of these commercial pieces is like that of the native wares or is a simplified expression of the same.

Pottery of Picuris is made of a clay heavy with mica. Therefore the red and dull black wares made of this material have no further decoration save an occasional fillet or scallop of clay about the neck. A full-bodied bean pot with a lid and two small loop handles is the characteristic shape today. Walls are exceedingly thin, and in firing the vessels an intentional and pleasing mottled effect is often attained.

At Taos is found a poor copy of Picuris ware. Shapes at the former pueblo tend to be larger and less well formed.

Very little pottery is produced at Nambe, Jemez, and Isleta. Nambe produces a poor black ware. From Jemez comes a thick-walled pottery with heavy-stepped blocks and parallel rows of lines and checks in black and red on a white ground. Small, poorly made, and equally poorly decorated pieces for tourist trade are made by the Isleta potters. On these pieces occur heavy drawings of conventionalized plant forms and geometric elements.

At Tesuque Pueblo has occurred a modern trend which somewhat divorces pottery from its native background. The materials of the small bric-a-brac shapes are native; the methods are the same, but garish commercial paints are used in place of the more refined native colors. Bright reds, greens, yellows, and other colors are put on after the vessels are burned; therefore they rub off readily. Quite recently a veritable menagerie of animal shapes has come out of Tesuque, all expressed in small sizes as are the bowls and other trade pieces. This ware has not completely eclipsed a somewhat better product: a cream slipped pottery with rich black designs composed of simple curvilinear elements and narrow bands, often surrounded with outlines of dots and wormlike lines.

Santa Ana Pueblo produces practically no pottery today. What little she does lacks coherence and balance in design.

Wares at Cochiti have the same cream slip and rich black decoration found at Santo Domingo and Tesuque. However, details of design differ: at Cochiti carelessly applied but most varied design styles appear. Shapes, too, are varied, including several bowl and jar forms, bird and animal containers, and human figurines. Decorators favor piled-up cloud effects, with lightning and rain symbols. Corn and other plants, strange birds often with clouds on wings and tail, and a few animal and human forms are also found in haphazard arrangements. There is a total lack of formality in treatment here; often, in fact, unrelated elements are scattered over the background.

Large jars with well-planned designs are typical of Sia. These are decorated in black, red, and/or yellow on a white ground. Most distinctive is the Sia bird, small-headed, round-bodied, with a single upraised wing and an elaborate tail. Equally attractive are the realistic floral designs—a graceful arrangement of black leaves and red berries and flowers is popular. More conventional leaves appear in bands, as do geometric patterns. Sia pottery is not unlike that of Acoma save that it is made of coarser clay.

Although linguistically Yuman, the Maricopa Indians make a pottery which is definitely Piman. At the turn of the century the Maricopas almost burned themselves out trying to keep up with the whims of a fickle buying public, particularly in the poor copying of poorer forms. Very recently a few Maricopa women have concentrated on producing better vessel forms and better surfaces. Decoration is absent or extremely simple, in black on the red surface. Some of these pieces are true works of art and promise a brighter future.

Otherwise the majority of Maricopa wares can be classed with Pima and Papago commercial types. Curio shapes—that is, small bowls, jars, ash trays, and other novelty forms, are highly polished, red in base color with simple black decorations featuring scrolls pendant from the rim or groups of curving lines. Pimas and Mari-

copas also made a similar ware with a highly polished cream base. Papagos have recently concentrated on plain wares. The Pima-Papago folk have let slide the splendid tradition in the art of pottery painting which they inherited from their presumed ancestors, the Hohokam.

It must be kept in mind that, although pottery offers new areas for decoration, as forms were limited in variety by use only, yet certain aesthetic limitations are significant. With the continuous curved surface characteristic of clay vessels, banded and radiating designs are the two basic possibilities. Also, it is to be noted that relatively few basic design elements were and are employed in Pueblo pottery. These facts, coupled with the limitations of Pueblo life, forced the potter to use the same elements over and over in ever-new combinations. One of the most pronounced attainments of these folk was, then, amazing ingenuity and great variety in the use of relatively few and simple elements. Symmetry, contrast, and repetition were the guides in the development of design, and there is more variety in the use of these three principles than there are villages to be counted.

Considerable difference appears in the technical handling of line and design. Western Pueblos produced very sophisticated wares. Rio Grande Pueblos combined a limited number of motifs with a certain crudity of technique to attain remarkable decorative effects.

Thus, with technical equipment of the Stone Age, with little leisure and less security, the prehistoric southwestern Indian evolved an art of high distinction and one peculiarly his own. Drought, famine, invasion, and other troubles combined to wither this ancient civilization in late prehistoric times. The Mimbres culture disappeared; both Hohokam and Anasazi shriveled in size. Then came the Spanish. They were followed several centuries later by the Anglo Americans.

Some chapters in the post-Spanish period are lacking, but whenever a thread can be picked up, it usually leads directly or indirectly back into the main tapestry of the prehistoric past. Even when designs are borrowed from foreign sources there is usually an eventual integration to make it seem a part of the native expression, varying from group to group in degreee only. Perhaps this trait and others,

too, in Indian ceramic design, can be related to the fact that "Potter and artist drew their spiritual sustenance from their tribal life, and that life is all a design, a dance and a ceremonial, from birth to death, and through all the ramifications of daily life; it is a whole; individuals are part of a pattern."

FOUR HISPANIC-AMERICAN POEMS WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES

THE *Arizona Quarterly* presents a group of translations from Hispanic-American poets. The English preserves the form and theory of the originals.

The *romance* is an old type of poetry in Spain, and was so called because it represented the poetry of the people in their own language as opposed to Latin, then official language of the State. The *romance* consists of verses (lines) of sixteen syllables, non-cadenced, and in assonance. Each verse is divided into eight-syllable hemistichs. Since about the seventeenth century, the *romance* has been employed chiefly as an artistic meter, in imitation of the original *romance* which employed this meter and which in subject matter at first chiefly concerned itself with the deeds of valor of the heroes of Spain's wars with the Moors and later with exploits of love, or almost any interesting episode. *Romances* were always sung to musical accompaniment.

The poem by Jaime Torres Bodet has a double assonance in *e* and *a*, and as often occurred in the oldest *romance*, contains a refrain which both introduces and closes the poem. In English the assonance is represented by long *u* sound of *hue*, *gloom*, etc., thereby shortening the second hemistich to seven syllables, because of the masculine verse.

Jaime Torres Bodet was born in 1902 in Mexico, of Mexican and French parents. He retired from the post of Secretary of Public

Education on December 1, 1946, to become Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the cabinet of the new President of Mexico, Miguel Alemán Valdés. Torres Bodet has had many years service in the diplomatic corps of his country, was a professor of French in the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters of the National University, and has published several volumes of poetry, characterized, as is the present example, by original and arresting imagery. He is also author of several successful novels.

Although the original *romance* evolved into an almost entirely professional poetic form, it survives in folk verse as the *corrido.* The sixteen-syllable lines occur in couplets, with assonance, but are always printed as if they were quatrains. *Corridos* are on love affairs, murders, accidents, suicides: any events which attract public attention and create a sensation. They are sung to guitar or orchestral accompaniment. Usually the last hemistich is repeated by the singer, for it usually sums up an important step in the action.

The *Corrido de Rosita Alvires* dates back about sixty years, but is still popular. Many versions occur, and the author is of course unknown. The present version is that sung by the Salazar sisters accompanied by the Vargas Mariachi orchestra of Tecalitlán, Jalisco, on Victor (Mexican Corporation) record number 70-6575.

Hispanic-American poets have adapted free verse wholeheartedly in recent years. Pedro Juan Labarthe, Puerto Rican poet, novelist, and dramatist, holds the M. A. from Columbia University, and the *Doctor en Letras* degree from the National University of Mexico. He is at present a member of the faculty of the Pennsylvania College for Women at Pittsburgh. Our poem is from the volume *Reclinatorio, Acetre, y Corazón, Poemario en Azul y Castaño*, Mexico, 1944. Labarthe's bitter expression of traditional Spanish mysticism in "On Early Death" employs a free-verse form reminiscent of Whitman, who, with Poe, has chiefly influenced Labarthe's writings.

Valdemar de Vasconcelos is a native of the southernmost Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul. He has written several volumes of verse, mostly love poems, many of which illustrate the characteristic sentimentality that pervades much Hispanic-American verse. He is

here represented by a poem in free verse form on the traditionally favorite theme of Portuguese writers, *Saudade*, somewhat weakly translated, and inevitably so, by the English word *solitude* or *loneliness*. Vasconcelos is by profession a lawyer and journalist. He has occupied several government posts. He lives in Rio de Janeiro.

ALBERT WILLIAM BORK

ROMANCE[1]

Era de noche tan rubia, como de día morena.
Cambiaba a cada momento de color y de tristeza,
y en jugar a los reflejos, se le iba la existencia,
como al niño que en el mar quiere pescar una estrella,
y no la puede tocar, porque su mano la quiebra.

De noche, cuando cantaba, olía su cabellera
a luz, como un despertar de pájaros en la selva.
Y si cantaba en el sol, se hacía su voz más lenta,
tan íntima, tan opaca, que apenas se iluminaba
el sitio que, entre la yerba, alumbraba al amanecer
el brillo de una luciérnaga.
¡Era de noche tan rubia, y de día, tan morena!

Suspiraba sin razón, en lo mejor de las fiestas,
y puesta frente a la dicha, se equivocaba de puerta....
Entre el oro de la mies y el oro de la hoja seca,
nunca se atrevió a escoger. La quise, sin comprenderla....
Porque de noche era rubia, y de día, era morena....

JAIME TORRES BODET

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[1]*Romance* (Roh-*mahn*-say) is not translatable and is not to be confused with the English word romance.

AN ARTISTIC BALLAD

By night she was as ruddy blonde as in daytime, dusky hued.
Momentarily she would change in color and in sad mood.
And while she played at reflections, her life's being was diffused,
as happens to any child, who tries to fish stars from those strewn
on calm seas: he cannot touch one, because his hand shatters them.

When she used to sing in the night, her hair smelled as if imbued
with light, like birds awakening at early dawn in the wood.
And if she sang in the sunlight, her voice was slower, filled with gloom,
so intimate, that scarce would it have illumined in the grass and dew
the space lighted by a glowworm just as day begins to loom.

By night she was as ruddy blonde, as in daytime, dusky hued.

She sighed without reason at times when festal joys were least subdued.
Almost in happiness' presence, she mistook the door confused.
Between the gold of grain and gold of chaff she never dared to choose...
Without understanding her I loved her, always without a clue...
Because in the night she was fair, and by day she was dusky hued.

TRANSLATED BY ALBERT WILLIAM BORK

CORRIDO DE ROSITA ALVIRES

Año de mil novecientos
muy presente tengo yo,
que en un barrio de Saltillo
Rosita Alvires murió.

Su mamá se lo decía
"Rosa, esta noche no sales."
"Mamá, no tengo la culpa
que a mí me gusten los bailes."

Hipólito llegó al baile
y a Rosita se dirigió.
Como era la más bonita,
Rosita lo desairó.

"Rosita no me desaires
la gente lo va a notar."
Con que: "Diga lo que *quera*,
contigo no he de bailar."

Echó mano a la cintura
y una pistola agarró,
y a la pobre de Rosita
no más tres tiros le dió.
Su mamá se lo decía:
"Ya *vistes*, hija querida,
por andar de pispiretas,
que había de llegar el día.

Rosita le dice a Irene,
"No te olvides de mi nombre.
Cuando vayas a los bailes,
no desaires a los hombres."

Rosita ya está en el cielo,
dándole cuenta al *Criador*;
Hipólito está en la cárcel,
dando su declaración.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

BALLAD OF ROSITA ALVIRES

The year one thousand nine hundred
sticks always fresh in my mind.
For in the town of Saltillo,
Rosita Alvires died.

Her mother rated her, saying:
"Tonight you do not go out."
"Mom, do not blame, nor berate me,
I like to dance with the crowd."

When Hyppolite came to the dance,
he went straightway up to Rose.
Because she was the prettiest,
Rosita snooted him cold.

"Rosita don't turn me down cold;
for gossiping tongues will clack."
So then: "For all of your begging,
with you I don't choose to dance."

Then he put his hand to his belt,
and pulled out a forty-five.
As for that poor gal, Rosita,
he only plugged her three times.

Her mother chided her, saying:
"You've gone and got it now, dear.
Since you were always on the loose,
you were bound to end up here."

Then Rosita says to Irene:
"Don't ever forget my name.
When you go out to dances,
do not show the men disdain."

Now Rosita's up in heaven,
reporting to her Creator.
But Hyppolite's down here in jail,
talking to the procurator.

TRANSLATED BY ALBERT WILLIAM BORK

MORIR PRONTO

A

FRANCES DOUGLAS

Sí, quisiera morir pronto
Y morir de dolor de vida,
Del profundo dolor de haber amado mucho, muchísimo,
Y no haber encontrado eco a mi voz azul.
Sí, quiero morir, y morir pronto
Para cesar de oír
El palpitar caótico de un mundo,
Seco, sórdido, indiferente a las sensaciones divinas
De los bellos sentimientos,
Para cesar de oír mi nombre envuelto
En injurias y profanaciones.
Para cesar de ver en luminarias de odio
Mi nombre bueno
Que nunca hizo mal.
Tal vez ya que en vida no temieron
A mi bondad y a mi perdonar
Después de la muerte del cuerpo
Puedan decir una frase cariñosa y comprensiva.
Así, en la vida eterna pueda yo oír frases bellas
Que me hagan creer en la bondad del hombre.
¿Y si las dicen por temor al castigo que pueda surgir
De una tumba silenciosa?
¡Cobardes!
Si en vida corporal no levanté un dedo para atacar,
En vida espiritual
Seguiré siendo el mismo.
Mi espíritu que viene de lejos,
De otros mundos,
Fué, es y será siempre el mismo.

ON EARLY DEATH

Yes, I would die soon,
Die of the sorrow of living,
Of the profound sorrow of having loved much, very much,
And of having found no echo to my azure voice.
Yes, I wish to die, and die soon
That I may no longer hear
The chaotic pulsation of a world
Arid, sordid, indifferent to divine sensations,
Of beautiful sentiments,
That no longer I may hear my name enwrapped
In insults and profanations;
No longer see my good name,
That never injured anyone,
Set in neon lights of hate.
It may be that since in my lifetime they feared not
My kindliness and magnanimity
That after the death of my body
They can allow themselves to say an affectionate and understanding word.
And so in the eternal life I may hear phrases of beautiful measure
That make me believe in the goodness of mankind.
But what if they say them through fear of punishment that might surge forth
From a dark and silent tomb?
The cowards!
Just as in my earthly life I never raised a finger to attack,
So in my spiritual life
I shall continue to be the same.
My spirit that has come from very far away,
From worlds, we know not
Was, is, and ever shall be the same.

No se aprovechará del vehículo de carne y hueso
Mientras pasa por esta vía
Para hacer daño, ni castigar.
Que el castigo viene
Del quien nos hizo:
El Omnipotente.
Si pido la muerte
Es por oír palabras de aceite crismático
Para el viaje de la Vida eterna,
Porque aquí ya me duelen los goznes del espíritu.

PEDRO JUAN LABARTHE

DANÇARINA

A saudade é dançarina,
como uma pluma...
De olhos sem côr e pés de sombra,
dança no chao e dança no ar,
girando sempre,
e leva a nossa dor como seu par!

No mesmo raro momento
em que florescem as rosas
e os lírios no pensamento,
ela surge improvisada
de tudo ou de quase nada,
por entre rosas e lírios!

Original e sutil,
sempre em frente ao nosso olhar,
a figurilha dança, gira e se equilbra,
por ironia,
até na gota de uma lágrima!

It will not take advantage of the vehicle of flesh and blood
As it journeys along this way
To harm another, nor to castigate.
For punishment comes
From the one who made us:
From the Omnipotent.
So if I ask for death
It is that I may hear soothing words of the chrismatory oil
To ease me on my journey to the eternal Life,
For here even now there is an aching in the hinges of my spirit.

TRANSLATED BY FRANCES DOUGLAS DEKALB

DANCING GIRL

Loneliness is a dancing girl,
quite like a feather.
With clear, pale eyes, feet of shadow,
she dances on the ground and in air,
and whirling always,
takes our torment as her partner.

At exactly the rare moment
in which the roses and lilies
burst into flower within our thoughts,
she rises up all unforeseen
from everything and from nothing at all,
in midst of roses and lilies.

Distinct and subtle,
always before our eyes,
the figurine dances, gyrates, and poses,
ironically,
even enclosed in a teardrop.

A saudade é dançarina,
cujo par é a nossa dor!
Dança aquí, dança acolá,
risonha e de olhos sem côr...
A saudade é dançarina,
que dança sôbre punhais
de ponteiros de relógio!

VALDEMAR DE VASCONCELOS

A MODEST PROPOSAL FOR INCREASING THE PAY OF PROFESSORS

BY GEORGE SWIFT

LAST NIGHT as I peered into the bathroom mirror and applied the clippers to the fringe of hair that brushed my ears, I thought of poor old Professor Bickerstaff. Whenever I defraud the barber of his triweekly fee, I think of my colleague Bickerstaff. My mind goes back to the time his hand slipped when he was trying to trim around his ear with a straight razor. The doctor fixed it up easily enough, but the news got around, and now everyone smiles when he thinks of Bickerstaff, the man who once tried to save money trimming his own hair, the man who now tries to make one trip to the barber last two months. Seated in his 1935 Chevrolet, with a threadbare overcoat, and hair dangling down over his collar, Bickerstaff, pride of the American Ethnological Society, is not a good advertisement for college education.

He and thousands like him deprive our American communities of much needed business. They live in ramshackle houses; they don't

Loneliness is a dancing girl,
and her partner is our torment.
She dances here, she dances there,
smiling and with clear, pale eyes.
Loneliness is a dancing girl
that dances on the dagger points
of imperturbable clock hands!

TRANSLATED BY ALBERT WILLIAM BORK

buy cars at twice their cost; they shun good clubs; they never relax in the Yucatan Dining Room of our best hotel. They are economic zeros in our lives. The real men in our town have less education than Bickerstaff, but they know how to spend money. One restaurant owner here made over $56,000 last year, and he spent a large share of it right in the community. One of our surgeons made $40,000; several of our lawyers, dentists, and undertakers earned more than twenty thousand each. The spending these men did was good for business. In all fairness to Bickerstaff, it must be admitted that if he had more money he would probably spend it; but the sad fact is that he doesn't make nearly as much as his barber.

The uninitiated may wonder why he isn't paid more, but actually his small salary is a severe drain on the college which employs him. Each year he takes out of the treasury $3,000 that the college can ill afford. At present the faculty is being paid nearly half of the income of the institution. As a result the building program is being held up. Educational activities are curtailed: each week, on the average, there is a national meeting of presidents, deans, directors, or registrars, but through lack of funds the school cannot have representatives at all these gatherings. And, while sports may not be the most important part of college life, even these are spoiled by lack of money. The invitation extended to us to play in the Salad Bowl Football Classic had to be rejected with a curt "No Funds."

Here we have a modern dilemma: how can our educational institutions get more money for development at the same time that the teachers get incomes comparable with those given to other men? How can the school get the funds for the new union building at the same time that it raises the weekly wage of its teachers? With the best intentions in the world, the trustees are not going to be able to raise the ante much. Certainly, the day is not in sight when a college can pay even ten thousand a year to a professor.

There is, however, a simple way to solve everything. I am amazed that it has not been thought of before. If a prospective teacher could prove to the satisfaction of the school board that he had a private income sufficiently large for gracious living in the community, the privilege of teaching should be assigned to him. Suppose, for example, that the candidate could prove an income from stocks, bonds, annuities, or property of $3,000 annually. He might be given an assistant instructorship. If the bona fide income of a candidate were $4,000 a year he could be a full-time instructor; $5,000 would qualify him for an assistant professorship, and with $10,000 he could be a full professor. To be absolutely fair, this allocation of teaching privileges would have to be checked and revised every few years. The teacher who through wise investment increased his yield from $3,000 a year to $10,000 should be considered for the first available professorship; on the other hand, the assistant professor who neglected his investments to the point where they brought in only $2,500 a year would be shifted to the library. Thus the shrewd teacher would be rewarded and the careless one punished. Incompetents might be removed entirely.

One great benefit that would accrue is that schools would almost overnight become homes of right thinking. No teacher with a thousand shares of gilt-edged stock is going to waste precious minutes of class talking about the plight of the sharecroppers, the need for economic regulation, or the advantage of production for use rather than profit. One of the major objections to education, that it gives students disturbing ideas, would be put aside forever.

Then consider these further advantages to the colleges. Today the management of schools is made difficult by the meager pay trustees can offer good administrations. Any dean who gets $10,000 a year with a few thousand additional for traveling expenses is a lucky fellow. Sometimes there are presidents who fare no better. Under the Private Income Plan the money now given to teachers could be shifted to deans, principals, and presidents, raising their pay perhaps tenfold. They would become really important men in the community and better men educationally. They could get to winter conventions in Florida, spring meetings in Sun Valley, autumnal gatherings in New England. Furthermore, college executives could have businessmen's expense accounts and could expand their activities accordingly. They could then go to South America or Asia or Europe, where they could undoubtedly find many new educational ideas. Today they are, for the greater part, confined to the States, where they fall all over one another. The Private Income Plan would help the cause of international good will by expanding the influence of American education over the whole globe.

The money saved by not having to pay teachers would go a long way toward calming athletic coaches, some of whom are now paid less than the deans and heads of departments. Many a small college would become famous overnight if it had enough money to bundle the football players into a couple of airplanes and send them to play Sydney or Honolulu. Many another institution badly needs a golf course or a swimming pool, or both. They could get them this way.

Other advantages come to mind. If every teacher had a good private income, he'd have the respect of his students. What young American can think highly of the poor have-not who stands in front of the class every day? The Private Income Plan would do away with this sorry spectacle. Imagine the reaction of the students if they could look out the window and see their professor drive up in a Packard convertible and step out immaculately attired by Brooks Brothers. Then, too, the Private Income Plan would be good for the wealthy. They have been frequently condemned for leading worthless lives, lives centering around safe-deposit boxes and brokers'

boardrooms. If these people could be made eligible to teach, the stigma could be taken from their lives. Their natural exuberance, now partially wasted in night clubs and bars, could be turned into useful channels.

Of course, this plan would not help poor old Bickerstaff much. But we might as well face the facts: Bickerstaff is washed up. Let him take his place beside the albatross.

SOUTHWESTERN CHRONICLE

By VERNON A. YOUNG

PASO POR AQUI: RECENT INTERPRETATIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST

SINCE INTERPRETATION mediates between fact and fiction, interpretative regional literature is to be understood as that which attempts, against the background of historical and scientific knowledge, to render the personality and the cultural meaning of a given area. In designating interpretative books of the Southwest as belonging in a distinct category, I am therefore excluding all works, even though they may contain incidental interpretation of marked interest, which have as their principal aim the elaboration of archaeological, anthropological, or ethnological findings. Such a book as Edgar Hewett's *Ancient Life in the Southwest*, for example, is an indispensable introduction to the subject of Southwest habitation and, in passing, it makes valuable aesthetic judgments, technically speaking, however, it belongs to the classification of archaeology. The subject of this essay, then, is that branch of regional reporting

which depends on the labors of such specialists as Hewett[1] for its groundwork, and on that basis proceeds to establish an historical analysis, a scheme of values, or merely an appreciation.

Considering the apparatus of scholarly research which is available for these purposes and the justifiable wonder which this part of the country has aroused in the sensibilities of thousands, it is surprising how few books of an interpretative nature have been written, and how unequal in significance they are to the formidable achievements of historians and scientists. The Southwest has so far eluded, smothered, or corrupted the western literary imagination; it yet awaits its Doughty, its Thoreau, its T. E. Lawrence. It was not until the end of the last century that anyone attempted, at length, to re-create the special quality of this region, its people and its relics, in literature. Before, men had come for conquest or data and, if for any other reason, left scant record of their aesthetic or philosophic impressions. The birth of the Southwest as literary subject matter may have preceded the arrival of Charles Fletcher Lummis (he, himself, gives the honor to a writer of boys' fiction, Captain Mayne Reid)—but Lummis' books are the natural points of departure for any discussion of regional interpretation, particularly for their rich, firsthand observation of the Pueblo Indians.

Lummis was the forerunner of all Southwest sight-seers: a Harvard graduate, he tramped the continent and wrote a book about it in 1884, and thereafter, for forty years, he wrote in and of that vast area to which he personally gave the name, The Southwest. He was its untiring explorer and proselytizer. He climbed its mountains, rode and walked across its deserts, descended into its canyons, excavated its ruins and unearthed its pots; he scaled the Enchanted Mesa, photographed the Penitentes (at the point of a gun—monstrous perversion of zeal!), married an Isleta pueblo Indian, and in his spare time wrote about everything he learned, everything he did, and apparently named, or renamed, every place he saw! Perhaps more

[1]To be especially acknowledged are Adolf Bandelier, H. H. Bancroft, Ralph Twitchell, Frank Cushing, F. W. Hodge, Washington Matthews, Herbert Bolton, and many more recent.

than any other man, Lummis, between 1884 and 1927, gave the Southwest to the reading public, and must share the credit with the Santa Fé railroad, the state highways, and the Boulder Dam project, for making it accessible to and safer for the tourist, the businessman, and the movie director. He combined scientific curiosity with cultural nostalgia and sociological passion. With George Wharton James and Helen Hunt Jackson he formed the Association for the Preservation of Missions, in southern California, founded the Sequoia League there in 1902 "to make better Indians" (more than once successfully defending their welfare), and was instrumental in establishing the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fé, and the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles.

Perhaps his best-known book, the one in which he synthesized most of his accumulated knowledge and experience, is *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo* (Century, 1925). Haphazardly organized, it probably contains a greater variety of information on the Southwest, past and present, than any other single book in the field. It has chapters on Pueblo Indian customs and folklore, cliff dwellings, the Penitentes, the La Brea tar pits, ice caves, ruined monasteries, El Morro, natural bridges, petrified trees, Death Valley, and Navajo blankets. It bears copious witness to Lummis' enthusiasm for research, his physical energy, his optimism, his pioneering initiative, his incipient mysticism, and to his failing—inseparable from the advertising personality he vividly displayed—a broad streak of vulgarity. By 1925, Lummis was beginning to see himself as an institution and was eager to be recognized as an original phrase-maker. Original he was, if not always judicious. If he could coin place-descriptions of accuracy or beauty: The Southwest—Sun, Silence and Adobe—The Sky City (Acoma)—A Mountain Range in a Trap (Grand Canyon)—he was also guilty of perpetrating The Stone Autograph Album (El Morro)—Flowers of our Lost Romance—See America First—God made California, and made it on Purpose. (The *sic* is mine!)

He was a perpetuator of that special jargon employed by the earliest press agents of the outdoors, in which archaic English constructions, apostrophizing, and 'poetic' diction were commingled.

Here is an excruciating example from his chapter on Penitente-hunting in *Land of Poco Tiempo* (1893):

> It is well, however, to cultivate secretiveness. Woe to him if in seeing he shall be seen! A sharp-edged knife or flint shall be over-curious of his back, and across its bloody autograph a hundred fearful lashes shall lift their purpling wales—in barbarous hint to him henceforth to keep a curb between the teeth of inquisitiveness.

These preposterous cadences (loaded with inaccuracies, by the way) were bequeathed him by the worst fashion of nineteenth-century oratorical journalism; by 1925 he had not yet purged his style of pretentious ambiguities like "Before Time was" (which still serves our local travel-magazine writers) and that vulgar piety which issues in such metonymy as "this masterpiece of His gladdest moment," for the Grand Canyon, and "this Footstool," for Earth. Perhaps Lummis was also the first man to write, "The Grand Canyon is just the Grand Canyon, and that is all you can say," and then to go on about it for another chapter. The first, perhaps, but not, unfortunately, the last.

Obviously the value of Lummis' books does not lie in their literary merits; it lies rather in their record of one man's passion to make known, to preserve, and to incarnate the values of a way of life he loved: the pueblo Indian way. Though he was frequently inchoate and tawdry in his expression of those values, he awakened a generation to their existence, and he left tangible evidence of their embodiments in the museums of the country. If one wished to name him in the Indian fashion he admired, it would do justice to his memory to call him not The Man Who Wrote Things Down, but The Man Who Got Things Done.

In the footsteps of Lummis, echoing his slogan, "See America First," an indomitable woman by the name of Agnes C. Laut trekked the Southwest by foot, horse, and wagon. Her excited findings were published as *Through Our Unknown Southwest* (McBride, Nast & Co., N.Y., 1913). When one considers what the difficulty of travel must have been in those days for a lone woman and what effect on her the little-seen curiosities of the country must have had, one can understand the excessiveness, if not the vocabulary, of her

effusion. Her journal is one tall exclamation point; it offers no original information but goes a long way, even now, towards communicating this lady's infectious enthusiasm for both the natural wonders of the Southwest and for its oases of alien culture, Spanish and Indian. Her interest in the Spanish cavalcade, military and ecclesiastical, was prodigious and, though dramatically simplified, her re-enactments of the history of Governors' Palace in Santa Fé and of Mission San Xavier del Bac do urge one to look again and closer at these landmarks.

Her tribute to San Antonio, "The Cairo of America," presages the gauzy seductions of the contemporary travel folder:

> . . . the gateway city from the south to the land of play and mystery. It is to the Middle West what Quebec is to Canada, what Cairo is to Egypt—the gateway, the meeting place of old and new. . . . Atmosphere? Physically, the atmosphere is champagne: spiritually, you have not gone ten paces from the station before you feel a flavor as of old wine.

If this lamp-smelling vocabulary did not overpower the readers of 1913, it probably helped achieve what Miss Laut intended, the redistribution of a million tourists from Europe and Asia over the trails of the Southwest, where the air always smelled of wine, nectar, or incense, "where men and women danced the Maypole before Julius Caesar was born," where the "Great Sculptor" and the "Artificer of all Eternity" awaited the coming of the Chamber of Commerce. Nor was Miss Laut averse to describing places she clearly had not seen. She tells us that one could put a dozen of our national White House into the recess occupied by the White House of Canyon de Chelly (twice she tells us this!—she must have been haunted by the possibility) but does not shudder to add that this cliff dwelling was "carved from the solid stone," (!)—and has nothing further to say about the canyon itself, a diffidence impossible to one of her temperament if she had ever laid eyes on that towering stronghold of red rock and quicksand. (It is amusing to note here that Mary Austin was also to describe de Chelly *in absentia*; on the basis of a black-and-white photograph, one infers, she wrote of its *gray* sandstone walls.) Miss Laut's girlish generalizations, rhetorical questions and em-

barrassed awe, together with her inaccuracies, could be more easily tolerated if her book had been dedicated to a more discriminating purpose than the peopling of the land with sight-seeing boobs. Inadvertently, like Lummis and all other salesmen of the sublime, she helped kill the thing she loved.

Like Lummis and Agnes Laut, Mary Austin believed that the horizons of the Southwest offered a psychic unity unknown to the debilitated mercantilism of the Anglo-Saxon's world. Unlike Lummis, she had a developed gift for literary expression, and unlike Miss Laut she was not eager to wholesale the vistas of the Southwest to democracy. She had no sympathy for "that strange passion of the touring American, not so much to see notable places as to prove to other people that he has seen them." For her the value of the Southwest dwelt, beyond its manifest sensations, in the creativeness that had emerged, among Spanish and Indian alike, responsive to the landscape's challenge. She was convinced that this creativeness, social and artistic, could be drawn upon by those who were attentive to the agencies of its presence: the forms of handcraft, architecture, folk music, dance, and drama, flowing outward from the "established adjustment" of the assimilated native. She paid homage to this conviction in many books, but never more securely than in *Land of Journeys' Ending* (Century, N.Y., 1924) which, of them all, she herself was confident, "had a permanent hold on the future." One hopes it will have; at present its reputation is as limited as its special merits are unsurpassed.

The Land of Journeys' Ending is neither a guide for the tourist nor an impressionist reverie for the maiden ladies of resort hotels. It is the history, and the geography, of a personal relationship, Mrs. Austin's most complete literary reckoning with her "earth horizon." The book's title is its theme: the Southwest is a land of terminations, and of beginnings.

> . . . all the country east of the Grand Canyon, west and north of the Jornada del Muerto, is like the middle life of a strong man, splendidly ordered. . . . If more lines of natural development converged here, between the bracketing rivers, more streams of human energy came to rest here than anywhere else within what is now the United States, it was because men felt here the nameless content of the creative spirit in the presence of its proper instrument.

Here, in the valleys of the Gila and the San Juan notably, the Ancients of the Amerindian crossed the line between culture and civilization, "the line at which people cease merely to accommodate themselves to their environment, and attempt its mastery." On mesas and in canyons, when newer migrations threatened, the Indian took his stand, and either retreated into his culture-hive like the majority of the Pueblenos or resisted and was cut down, like the Apache. The Spanish flood reached its full here and receded, leaving tide-lines of language, art, and religion, and the westering white American, crossing his last divides, found another wilderness to be tamed to his technological pattern. In the rites of the Penitentes Mrs. Austin found another climax—"the last stage that human experience travels on its way from being a propitiatory rite to legitimate dramatic art"—and in the tenacity of desert flora she found another—"For the virtue of all cacti is that they represent the ultimate adaptations of vegetative life on its way up from the primordial home in the sea shallows, to the farthest, driest land." If she had lived longer, she might have recognized in the atom-bomb site at Alamagordo subject for yet another chapter.

From this trail's end, Mrs. Austin was inspired to announce, a new one would lead out, and in this Southwest which she knew to be instinct with the power to reshape, a new culture would arise, supplied by the root aboriginal stock and the Spanish overlay with "releasing symbols." She was mistaken, of course; mistaken with that glorious wrongheadedness that assails all prophetic spirits who confuse their own desire with the cold drift of history. She tried to turn a personal discovery into a social program; encouraged to think of herself as a prophetess, both by her own integration with the Southwest's continuity and by an admiring circle, the like of which is always available in Santa Fé and Taos, particularly to women over fifty, she mistook the beginning of the end for the end of a beginning. The artistic ferment of the twenties, which she had no doubt vigorously assisted in California and New Mexico, subsided before her death; she left no heirs to her intrepidity. The "native" revivals of the Southwest—Prescott's Smoki Ceremony, Gallup's Indian Festival,

Santa Fé's De Vargas Fiesta—in all of which she had been pleased to see "Art Becoming," have passed ineluctably into the hands of the businessman as, it seems, everything must, in our time. That she did not foresee this irresistible corruption may be attributed to her heroic but unqualified recognition of "that other splendor," so often and ringingly quoted from her, "of realizing that in the deepest layers of our selves we are incurably collective." Of a mercantile democracy, that description is a two-edged sword.

Not as prophecy should her book be read. Read it as the celebration of affinity by an artist more than ordinarily in tune with the vegetating world, faithfully, with barographic precision, celebrating the function and the rhythm of sentient plant and man. Her love of place and her cognizance of its movement and color in more than one season are commemorated in almost any paragraph. She is especially readable where, out of doors, she had watched closely, listened carefully, and united intuitive response with exact ordering of technical observation, as she does here:

> By this time the rabbit-brush has lost its veil of winter fluff; its pale stalks, passing insensibly into light along the banks of washes, are defined only by the green smudge at the base of its dry fascicles. Bluebirds flutter in the chaparral like flecks of falling sky; the willows are lacquered orange and vermilion. Now the wind has a growing smell, but along the wooded tops of the ranges snow still filters delicately through the rarefied air. The diffused, shut-in light of the snow is like the whiteness of rapid vibration, the earth envelope disappearing in a mist of its own motion. Farther south, where snow is made rain midway of the vault, the storm seen moving across the *abras* from the inclosing hills, has the effect of emanating from the ground, as if the earth exhaled it, and, by a gentle, down-streaking motion, drew it to its breast again.

Among the flood of travelers that swirled across the Southwest on the newly-laid highways after 1929, almost every visitor who could write a description, and many more who couldn't, broke into print with at least an article on some phase of the country west of the Pecos. Two visiting Englishmen published book-length judgments during the thirties: Mr. D. J. Hall, whose book hardly anyone has read, and Mr. J. B. Priestley, whose *Midnight on the Desert* (1937) hardly anyone hasn't. It is always instructive to read an alien's opinion of one's country, and there is justice only a chauvinist would deny in

Mr. Priestley's general view of America. Not that he said anything not said before with greater erudition; as a social philosopher he is, at best, a sort of left-wing Philistine. Since his guest ranch bivouac in Arizona was merely a springboard for a cosy chat about life, time, and eternity, his book is not exactly relative to my subject. It yields only one regional observation worth repeating here, his succinct description of the Southwest as "geology by day, astronomy by night."

D. J. Hall's book, glamorously entitled, *Enchanted Sand* (William Morrow & Co., 1933), has a less abstract regard for the Southwest setting. While it has no more intrinsic literary value than the general run of books tossed off by overwhelmed and inarticulate transients, it has one rare and valuable thing, the impact of an irritable personality—refreshing feature in a travel book! Mr. Hall, a lawyer from London, came to New Mexico with his wife in 1929, worked on a ranch in the Jemez Mountains and at a rest house on the plateau above Santa Clara, drove across the Navajo country, and returned to the east by way of the southern route through Texas. Hall's reverence for the majesty of the land and for the Indians whom he thought only a little less majestic (those of the Santa Clara pueblo he came to know with special intimacy) was certainly genuine. Regrettably, his equipment for recreating his reverence was meager; his superlatives are disconcerting, his metaphysics and his logic alike, deplorable. More to the point are his social insights. Like Mr. Priestley after him, he was deeply shocked at the disparity between the quality of the land and the latter-day people, hysterical, vicious, or dull, who had settled on it. He was unconstrained by the patronizing politeness Priestley was to cultivate; dogmatically, and often searchingly, he spoke his mind. He was not charmed by the squalor and irresponsibility of the Mexican *paisanos* he encountered, and had little patience to inquire how they had got that way. With more justification, he was equally repelled by the boorish ranch owners it was his misfortune to meet. His chapter on the Jemez ranch where he was employed is a recital of asocial horror. Against the sentimentalized picture of the "old timer" usually painted in regional memoirs, he quickly opposed a more realistic sketch:

> Winthrop was a strange old man. Although he had spent a lifetime in the country, had lived through its changing tumultuous phases, he never gave me the impression that he had acquired any real understanding of the people whose home it was. I found later that this failing was common to most westerners.

In this negative summary, more accurate than our official interpreters would be willing to concede, Hall went to the heart of the American alienation that Frank Waters was to analyze fourteen years later in *The Colorado*. Nor was Hall slow to see the inexcusable ugliness of frame-house settlements and stucco cities in a country where the example of cliff house and pueblo architecture stood on a thousand canyon shelves and mesas. Grim censure lurks behind the grotesque humor of his impression of a Texas city:

> The town was appropriately named Midland. The road through it was of concrete, and ended on the outskirts in dirt as though trimmed off with a knife. It was like an egg laid by some giant bird that had flown away and forgotten that he had laid it.

Enchanted Sand is one of those pertinent travel books (Graham Greene's *The Lawless Roads* is such another) in which the irritations of travel—the fatigue, the estrangement, the rude encounter—as well as the delights, are acknowledged. Offering nothing to the student of local lore, history, or prose style, it is a critical reminder to all sightseers without conscience who, once embarked on a tour of the unfamiliar, never absent themselves from felicity.

It would dignify by more attention than they deserve to attempt analysis of all the general books on the Southwest published since the twenties. The field was an open one for anybody who could support the necessary industry for writing upwards of two hundred pages on any part of the territory, unprepared by critical liveliness or scholastic authority. Anna Ickes' *Mesa Land* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1933) is a case in point. Subtitled "The History and Romance of the American Southwest," it is actually a review of Indian sites, prehistoric and contemporary, accurately outlined and backed up by a bristlingly complete bibliography. As a handbook of the Indian pueblos for those too lazy to look at the primary sources, it probably served its purpose. Of "romance" it breathes not a

syllable and contains not a reverberating phrase on any subject. The publishers claimed that *Mesa Land* was "the fruit of ten years' travel and study." By this measure, the books of Bandelier and the Coolidges must have taken centuries to write. This entire book could easily have been written in a library—anywhere east of the Pecos.

In the same year, Harvey Fergusson's *Rio Grande* was published (Alfred Knopf, N.Y., 1933), a portrayal of the region "in terms of the forces that made it." The portrayal is not a substitute for the comprehensive histories of the Southwest but an excellent introduction to them and, in its own right, a readable study of the dominating personality types that have created the composite social character of the area. The proclivity for generic characterization which tends to weaken Fergusson's fiction is valuable here. The chapters on the successive species—pueblo Indian, conquistador, padre, trapper, cowboy—who have left their marks represent a dramatic and fruitful approach to regional history. The final chapter embodies and justifies the over-all method of the book. Just as he had contained his type-analyses within archetypes such as Popé, Uncle Dick Wooton, Josiah Gregg, Manuel Armijo, Padre Martinez, Elfego Baca—so Fergusson concludes with Old Town and New of Albuquerque as a critical microcosm of his history, and therein has useful comment to make on the standardization of the frontier.

> The United States ideally is one vast community of cottages, bungalows and flats inhabited by virtuous couples engaged in raising babies, police dogs, gold fish and rubber plants, listening to radios, riding in automobiles, immune to every temptation save those of high pressure salesmanship and the installment plan. New Town has become perhaps as fair a sample of this vast fabric of felicity as can be found anywhere.

Rio Grande deserves to be read before many over-promoted books on the West; colorful, affectionate, and honest, there is not a paragraph of uninteresting prose between its covers.

Harvey Fergusson was primarily engaged by human personality as molder of an area. Ross Calvin, "a pipe-smoking country parson" from Roswell, was equally concerned with what molded the personality, or at least the cultures which supply the personality. In

Sky Determines (The Macmillan Co., 1934), he found his answer in the subject of ecology, as the title instantly testifies. Mr. Calvin's intention was to popularize the well-known fact of the Southwest's dependence on rain, the formation of its landscape by the rain's variability and the determining of its cultural areas for the most part by location in the oases. He then related to these factors the religious, artistic, and agricultural life of the Indians, the social and economic character of the backward Mexican and the contemporary suitability of the country for artists and invalids alike. Though he subtitled the book, "An Interpretation of the Southwest," its agrological and ethnological evidence was drawn almost exclusively from New Mexico.

The book suffers from Calvin's overworking of his theme—(I am reminded of Noel Coward's objection to *The Sea Gull*: he hated plays in which a stuffed bird sat in the cupboard and screamed, "I am the title! I am the title!")—and from the rigid separation in his Protestant temperament between the eye that sees, the mind that understands, and the nerves that feel. Of the latter's existence it would be presumptuous to assert Mr. Calvin's acknowledgment. While on his favorite subjects of botany, forestry, and ecology he is sufficiently methodical to communicate his flair for the rationally observed process. Where reconstructive imagination would better forward his literary purpose he is lamentably awkward and trite. A kind of separatist frigidity debars him from the psychological sources of man and his environment. He tries to defend this inadequacy in his foreword where he stiffly repudiates the necessity for going beyond the known lay of the land.

> It remains only to say that nowhere for the sake of literary effect has a fact of nature or history been knowingly misstated. Such "jazzing up" of the style, so common in books of the West, is obviously not allowed by the present theme.

This is a gratuitous deprecation. One wonders if the Reverend Calvin does not confuse any verbal constructs of the free imagination with "jazzing up"! When not restrained by camera lens and the indisputable records of archaeology, he cuts a poor figure as a descriptive writer and it is safe to say that his is a failure in literary discipline rather than a victory of scientific integrity. He essays a timid but sensi-

tive revisioning of the Mimbreños exodus, and comes up with an inspired one-phrase compendium of the Apache: "nature's supreme example of adaptation to arid environment"—(It needs only the addition of the word "human" before "example" to be as perfect as Mr. Calvin's standard for truth could hope for.)—yet his reckless entrance into the aesthetic lists produces this unblushing personification:

> All day long it (the sky) offers nature, the celestial colorist, a stupendous hemisphere for her efforts, which for weeks on end she hangs with curtains of the sincerest heart-comforting azure, or tiring, frescoes with idle, pearl-white angels. But when the summer rains begin, she sits and, like a squaw weaving a blanket, splashes the evening firmament with bizarre patterns of crimson and ochre edged with orange flame. And then at twilight, she paints out the whole of it and begins again with a wash of tender, uncertain greys.

Compare this "pathetic fallacy" with that of Mary Austin, quoted previously, and you have a clue to the nature of the disaster that overtakes description from which kinetic and plastic susceptibility (and logical punctuation) have been rigorously excluded. Every expressive line of Mary Austin engrosses with intuitive ease the very discoveries that Calvin puritanically makes disjunctive. *Sky Determines* is thus a creditable survey of the Southwest topsoil; as "inscape" it is restricted by its author's commitment to the intellectual meridian.

The greatest public service performed for the contemporary Southwest explorer was the publication, in 1940, of the State Guides for Arizona, New Mexico, and the neighboring states. Units of the American Guide Series of the Works Project Administration, they are the best quick references I know for accurate historical and geographical information. The one for New Mexico is less obviously solicitous of the "tourist industry" than Arizona's, but they are both stamped by sociological honesty, by a wealth of social and scientific data, and by effortless and tactful descriptive passages. Since the average armchair traveler could not be expected to add his imagination to the facts, however, Erna Fergusson filled the breach in the same year with *Our Southwest* (Alfred Knopf, N.Y., 1940), one of many personally conducted tours through which Miss Fergusson has become the official interpreter of half the Western Hemisphere be-

low the thirty-seventh parallel. Miss Fergusson's authority for defining the Southwest was devotedly earned, for she is a native of New Mexico and has followed Southwest trails into every corner of the area for many years. This book reveals no personal relationship comparable to Mary Austin's, nor is it, naturally, an original record of discovery like the books of Lummis and Laut.

Our Southwest is a series of informative, anecdotal sketches of the principal cities, institutions, and monuments within the area, obviously aimed at the visitor who, with a minimum of literary complication, wants to get at the historical and scenic highlights in a single chapter for each subject. Miss Fergusson skims happily over the surface, summarizing a cultural episode, pointing out a landmark, recounting local lore, all in paragraphs of prose as facile as the instructive but innocuous report of *Life* magazine. The result is, I suppose, a serviceable index for the tourist; as an interpretation it is incorrigibly smug. True, Miss Fergusson indulges in a few easy sarcasms: Tucson, "a winter resort for pampered plutocrats"; Phoenix, "the desert converted into California"—and she is amusing at the expense of the Yavapai County Chamber of Commerce, with its pathetic claim to being and having the first of everything, and Santa Fé with its internecine jealousies. Her criticism does not cut very deeply, withal, and she turns quickly from these asperities to genuflect to Fred Harvey who, no matter what his inadvertent civilizing influence may have been, as much as anyone has hastened the exploitation of the Southwest. There is only a superficial treatment of the Indian situation in this book, no measuring the real height of the Latin-American barricade, no hint of anything so distasteful as the labor troubles that blacken the past of Jerome and Gallup.

I am not insisting that every popular interpretation should be a social protest, but "our Southwest" is not simply a playground for dude ranchers and vacationing teachers in search of cultural shards, as Miss Fergusson's account finally makes it appear. (Harvey Fergusson understood very well that history as plunder did not cease with the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to statehood.) The new conquistadors are here now: for *paso por aquí* on sandstone they have

neon signs, for weapons the bought mendacity of press and radio, for prestige, membership in a pressure group variously named Sunshine or Dry-Climate Club or Merchants' Association, for avowed purpose the ringing slogan—"Business as usual!" The nonunionized white-collar employee is systematically underpaid in southwestern towns on the assumption that his health or his aesthetic perception will keep him satisfied with the climate and scenery. In other words, the average resident of the Southwest faces problems of living as bitter as any encountered elsewhere in the country. A little deeper recognition of this obvious state of affairs would have given Erna Fergusson's book a somewhat higher value as literary interpretation.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE SOUTHWEST: "THE PEOPLE" AND THE PEOPLE

THE NAVAJO. By Clyde Kluckhohn and Dorothea Leighton. Harvard University Press. 1946.

SOUTHWESTERNERS WRITE. Selected and edited by T. M. Pearce and A. P. Thomason. University of New Mexico Press. 1946.

Among the numerous official Problems which the editorialists of our society love to capitalize, the Indian Problem is by no means the least, and at the center of the Indian Problem in the Southwest is the plight, disposition, and fate of 55,000 Navahos.[1] Composing the largest Indian tribe in the United States, they inhabit a vast area of the most beautiful land in the country which is nonetheless overeroded, overgrazed and, therefore, undersized for their rapidly increasing population. They call themselves *diné*—The People—and the apparent irony of this proud designation can escape no one who reflects upon the anomaly of their present position.

The basic technical problem which confronts the Indian Service of our government is that of restoring self-maintenance to this subject people of shepherds and weavers living in an unproductive, dessicated region, and of

[1]In this review I am following the anglicized spelling employed by Kluckhohn and Leighton which has become standard usage. The correct Spanish spelling is, of course, Navajo.

restoring it with the least damage to the Navahos' native abilities and values. The complexity of this problem is forcefully illustrated by Clyde Kluckhohn and Dorothea Leighton's study of the Navaho world, a study which discusses in careful detail the Navahos' social life, their economy, their religious beliefs and practises, their language and their relationships to the whites. By obvious implication, the administration of any minority people with a different culture pattern is reflected in all its challenging difficulty.

This book is the fortunate collaboration of a psychiatrist and an anthropologist and was made possible by the Indian Research Project, sponsored by the Committee on Human Development of the University of Chicago and the United States Office of Indian Affairs. The scope and direction of the project is ambitious. According to the authors of this book, the project's immediate objective is

> to investigate, analyze and compare the development of personality in five Indian tribes in the context of their total environment—socio-cultural, geographical, and historical. . . . The ultimate aim of the long-range plan of research of which this project is the first step is to evaluate the whole Indian administrative program with special reference to the effect of present policy on Indians as individuals, to indicate the direction toward which this policy is leading, and to suggest how the effectiveness of Indian administration may be increased.

"The context of their total environment"—this is the substance of the Kluckhohn-Leighton investigation, to be supplemented by their forthcoming work, *Children of the People*, in which the individual Navaho personality will be the foreground consideration. These companion volumes, to which may be added the Leightons' introduction to the subject, *The Navaho Door* (Harvard University Press, 1944), will together constitute a sociological record of superlative importance. If the other evaluations published in this series are as comprehensively managed and if, indeed, they result in as intelligent and sympathetic an application of policy as the authors of the project hope for in the above quotation, we should witness, perhaps for the first time in history, the successful handling of a racial minority supported by the fullness of technological and psychological wisdom.

But the difficulties of such an achievement, with the Navahos alone, can best be appreciated by the layman after reading the present analysis, in which the ramifications of this enormous and intricate task are fully documented. To maintain the Navaho's economic equilibrium is sufficiently demanding; to keep from upsetting his psychic equilibrium requires subtlety on a scale hardly to be expected from an underpaid government personnel rarely selected for the degree of their psychological tact. As the authors of this survey acknowledge, "It is noteworthy that the same careful study that has been made of the natural resources of the Navaho country and of the Indians themselves has yet even to be suggested for the other crucial dimension of the

problem: the whites (government personnel, traders, and missionaries) who deal directly with The People."

If neurosis, simply defined, is the inability to resolve one's instinctual conflicts (or, perhaps, to recognize their existence), it is safe to say the Navahos are neurotic, and their recent history has developed neurosis beyond its characteristic proportions, and beyond the powers of their compensatory rituals to alleviate. After they returned from their "Long Walk" into captivity to their desolated range, in 1868, as virtual prisoners of war, their spirit was, if not broken, subdued. Thereafter, for sixty years, they were treated pretty consistently as a "backward" and "primitive" people. During that time, the record of the whites is largely one of exploitation, of political chicanery, land-grabbing, mishandled attempts at education and conversion, mitigated by occasional individual efforts fighting bravely against the majority forces of corruption.[2] In the last fifteen years, according to the writers here being summarized, governmental policy has been conspicuously improved. Though it is still possible to document many instances of stupidity and high-handedness among government and mission authorities, and although private interests exerting pressure to obtain Indian lands of public domain still need to be zealously guarded against, the outlook for judicious administration is encouragingly brighter.

But the Navaho memory is not short; his recollection of white indecision and falsity is bitter. The experience of two generations cannot be so readily eradicated, and the exposure of the Navaho, by way of school, industry and war, to American educational, economic and political confusion is, no more than ever, designed to arouse his admiration. There is evidently little in the American way of life which the Navaho finds enviable. Naturally not: the Navaho has a fuller and deeper aesthetic imagination; his religious experience is richly inseparable from his total life experience; his familial and social relationships are worked out far more successfully than ours; his sexual polarity is not undergoing attrition as ours appears to be, and his relation to the physical world is more often symbiotic than parasitic. Within this circle of right relationships to life he is nevertheless re-encircled by a society which, though it has failed unutterably in its own adjustments, has power over his very existence.

It is not surprising that, under the circumstances, he is often hostile towards the very measures that have been taken to aid him. For example, the stock reduction program urged upon him in order to conserve the soil cover of his land for future security angered him even more than it angered many white American farmers during the thirties. The whites had at least been conditioned

[2]See *The Navaho Indians*, by Dane & Mary Coolidge. Houghton, Mifflin. Boston. 1930.

to some degree by a knowledge of experimental science, while the Navaho had to make his adjustment with no transition, and at a time when any order from Washington was justifiably mistrusted. If his children returned from government hospitals and schools no healthier or wiser than the medicine man could have made them, why should he have faith in soil conservation, to him just another abstraction like the fluctuating wool market to be suspected and resisted? This is only one instance of misunderstanding that has arisen in white-Navaho relations; many others are set down in this volume. Misunderstanding on both sides is frequent; the Navaho background is woven with ritual, with powers, taboos, and rites that are the very texture of his outlook, and unless this texture is understood, or at least respected, co-operation is slow and sporadic. Where he has been directly involved in white enterprises, his allegiance is even slower to crystallize. Recently, a large number of Navahos has been employed by the Indian Service, and many, prevented by scarcity of opportunity from making a living agriculturally, have been employed off the Reservation in a variety of jobs. The result has not been inspiriting to the advocates of "assimilation." The Navaho does not for long feel at home in a society which practises the opposite of what it teaches and which provides him with so little sense of participation. He may work for awhile to get wages, then speedily return to his people where, as a rule, he finds himself maladjusted, divided between his heritage and an unfruitful enlightenment. Situated thus between two worlds, his responses become erratic: he retreats into apathy, shiftlessness, depression, or dissipates his resentments in factional quarrels, alcoholism, desperate sexuality, "witch" hunting.

The analogy is suggestive. This is no new phenomenon; it is as old as conquests and cultural mutations. Its parallel can be found in the history of every race, with every revolution of social mores. We have failed to arrest the decadence of our own people. Is it inevitable that we should fail The People? It may not be too late to apply the knowledge that we have so dearly bought to resuscitate a minority not yet completely alienated from its native resources. It is clear, from the findings of Kluckhohn and Leighton, that if the Navaho psychosis is not to be deepened, some way must be found to restore his native economy, to return him to his by now traditional pursuits of sheepherding, weaving and silversmithing—not because he is more picturesque that way, but because those activities are appropriate to his training and his inclinations, and because his inherited way of life cannot be altered without shattering his psychological autonomy. The remedy is not easy to find. Kluckhohn and Leighton declare that "It is not possible to create an economic organization for the Navahos which is completely insulated against crises in the external economic structure by being isolated from the national economy." But modes of circumventing these crises to some extent must be found;

"otherwise," as the authors warn, "55,000 people will sink to the level of 'poor whites' and alternate between migratory labor in good times and relief in bad."

Wheels within wheels. The problem of The People may well become a major problem for the people. One cannot expect that this book will be read widely, but one can hope that it will be read wisely—and well—by those whose responsibility it is to solve that problem.

The initial irony of *Southwesterners Write*, an anthology edited by T. M. Pearce and A. P. Thomason, is that dedicated as its contents are to the people —oil-well drillers, *paisanos*, cowboys, sheepherders, Pueblo Indians, prospectors, small-town merchants, and so forth—the book sells for four dollars, a purchase accessible only to the low-bosomed matron who winters in Tucson and summers in Santa Fé and cultivates local color in lieu of a satisfactory emotional life. This disparity, one of the more esoteric ironies of democratic capitalism, no doubt, need not be laid at the doors of the editors. What can be laid at their doors is the almost uniform mediocrity of their selections.

An anthology is to be judged mainly by the anthologist's rationale for its inclusions. In this case we find, in the introduction, a variety of rationale. "The anthologist succeeds if he has stretched his canvas tight enough, drawn his design with a bold hand, and filled in the spaces with adequate tonal values." Somebody liked this sentence so much that, with slight revision, he had it reprinted on the front flap of the jacket. What it is supposed to mean, in relation to literary selections, I leave to the low-bosomed matron to discover. It is one of the many ambiguities of this volume. Here is a more manageable declaration of intention. "The editors of this book are not attempting to outline fully the literature of the Southwest, since earlier anthologies have reprinted selections from all the standard books. Our aim is to survey the writing representative of the region today." And further—"The present book undertakes a more difficult task, that of displaying to the reader the intermingled patterns of living and the contrasting currents of thought in the modern civilization of Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona."

As to the first assertion, the reader might wonder *which* "earlier anthologies" have reprinted selections from *what* "standard books." By "representative," did the editor mean representative of the best or representative—period? If "representative of the region today" implies contemporaneity, why not a line by Edwin Corle or Frank Waters or, more representative still, the latest brochure of any of the Chambers of Commerce? And what is D. H. Lawrence, long in the dust, doing here? And if D. H., why not Mary Austin, Willa Cather (a selection from "The Professor's House" for a change!) Charles Lummis, Marsden Hartley, or Paul B. Sears? Again: " . . . for unwarranted omissions the editors will have to plead the limitations of space." The reader may have to plead for a better reason than that for the omission of what is

unquestionably the finest prose description of a Southwest scene yet written, Walter Van Tilburg Clark's *The Indian Well.* If "the intermingled patterns of living" of the Southwest were to be displayed, haven't those patterns been largely and basically shaped by the physical nature of the landscape, as Ross Calvin and others before him pointed out? If so, why so few selections on the fauna and flora of the region?

One might have thought, also, that poetry, being the quintessential expression of literature, should have been represented. Very little good poetry has been written of the Southwest, a circumstance which makes selection easier, and salvage more imperative. Here was a sterling opportunity to rescue a minority of good verse from the prevalent drivel to be seen (but not heard) every month in the magazine, *New Mexico*, and on the back page of *Arizona Highways*. For a respectable start, I could have suggested May Sarton's "Santos: New Mexico," Robinson Jeffers' "New Mexican Mountains," and Witter Bynner's "Rain at Cochiti" (a sanguine exception to Mr. Bynner's usual preciosity).

Finally, does not the standard view of the Southwest as a region include southern Colorado and Utah, a slice of Nevada and a sizable strip of southeastern California? Yet, in this anthology, the locale of the selections, whether fact or fiction, is divided almost equally between Texas and New Mexico, with four articles one may classify as general, one dealing with Oklahoma, and only one, if the chapter from Frances Gillmor's novel of the Navaho is pinned down geographically, concerning Arizona. I make this objection in the interest not of sectionalism but of accuracy.

It is the privilege of a reviewer to complain of what an anthology leaves out; it is his duty to estimate what has been put in. Having, I expect, abused my privilege, I hasten to perform my duty. Of the twenty-two nonfiction selections in this book, three seem to me to have the style and direction of valuable writing. D. H. Lawrence's fevered rhapsody of New Mexico is touched by its author's omnipresent genius for the feel of place, and it was perhaps tactful not to include any other attempts in this vein, since only Lawrence was able to handle this particular pitch without embarrassing the reader. Charles J. Finger's "A Note on Texas" has energy, color, and humor, has in abundance that irresistible vitality by which every Texan hopes to be judged. The synoptic audacity of Finger (himself an Englishman, curiously enough) is almost archetypal for this happy breed and rebukes the callow regionalism spouted in the sample of Maury Maverick.

In the section headed "Opinion" (the distinction between Interpretation and Opinion made here, by the way, is very subtle and just) Dudley Wynn's statement, "The Southwest Regional Straddle" has the greatest intellectual pertinence. Published in 1935, its thesis has, today, more bearing than ever:

> Every regional movement that has flourished in America has lived on the conviction that the uniqueness of its region offered some artistic or cultural lesson for the rest of the country. A vigorous regionalism is very much concerned with interpreting itself to the rest of the country and with asserting its peculiar *values* as values worthy of acceptance by the rest of the country. This lack of interpretation, this lack of a central idea, this unconcern for making its own values prevail are the measure of the failure of Regionalism in the Southwest.

It is possible to hoist the rest of the contributors to this volume by Wynn's petard, for though there is some facile descriptive writing in these pages, very little of it is "vigorous regionalism," and none of it gets under the surface of what Lawrence called "the mucous-paper wrapping."

The fiction division shows up very badly: the excision of a chapter from its organic context is always an unsatisfactory device, especially for displaying an alleged regional typicality. For this reason, only Paul Horgan's short story, "The Surgeon and the Nun" produces any complete regional impact. Why Harvey Fergusson's valuable criticism of the changing Southwest scene was not chosen in place of a chapter from one of his less important novels is another open question. And if fiction fragments were considered indispensable, the anthology could well have added a chapter from O'Kane Foster's *In the Night Did I Sing*, to balance, with its tragic sense of the *paisano's* spiritual suicide, Ruth Laughlin's blithe picture of the lucky Mexican poor for whom the best things in life are free!

But critical discernment is the last feature to be discovered in the composition of this anthology. Particularly is this true of its format. Coming from a region where good painters abound—and the best are the least known, I may add—the cover design and the crude illustrations are really beyond the niceties of constructive criticism. Paper and printing are still expensive. Is it too much to ask a university press, in these days of verbal and pictorial surfeit, to lead the way in printing only that which is definitive for beauty and use, and for a university in the Southwest to adopt Dudley Wynn's conviction and use its press for "maintaining or preserving the values it professes to admire?"

VERNON A. YOUNG

TWO LITTLE MAGAZINES COLLECT THEIR BEST

THE PARTISAN READER. Ten Years of Partisan Review. 1934-1944: An Anthology. Edited by William Phillips and Phillip Rahv. Introduction by Lionel Trilling. The Dial Press. New York, 1946.

ACCENT ANTHOLOGY. Selections from ACCENT, A Quarterly of New Literature, 1940-1945. Edited by Kerker Quinn and Charles Shattuck. Harcourt, Brace and Co. New York, 1946.

These anthologies are testaments of survival. Within the conventional limits of a review, a completely adequate analysis of their contents must be sacrificed in favor of a testament of recognition. *The Partisan Review* has survived for ten years in its present form, and has secured six thousand readers and has now increased its publications to six a year; *Accent* quarterly is in its seventh year and sufficiently noteworthy to risk an anthology of itself to the public's attention. As marginal as these achievements may seem by the measure of democratic "literacy," they are inspiriting to those of us who know that mere survival is the more primary task for the "little magazine" than quantity of circulation. Now that the most acute registrations of literary consciousness are limited, by the widening gulf in our society, to the quarterly magazines, it is no small comfort that two of the best quarterlies, without benefit of institutional sponsorship, are holding their ground in these times of universal abandonment and betrayal of the critical sense.

In the promulgation of the critical sense these two quarterlies are signally active, and it is no surprise to their regular readers that by the essays, aesthetic, semantic, or dialectical, these respective collections are chiefly distinguished. A similarity of aims is readily apparent in the titles of the interpretative articles of both volumes: "Flaubert's Politics," "The Intellectuals' Tradition," "The Future of Democratic Values," "Franz Kafka and the Bankruptcy of Faith," "Language as Gesture," "Gerard Manly Hopkins: Realist on Parnassus." The provenance of these topics lies in the root agitations of the last decade—the reassessment of the intellectual's function, readjustment of the political imperative, revaluation of individual talent, and the relationship of form to meaning, image to response, abstraction to praxis.

The editors of *The Partisan Review* have submitted their material to a stricter bias—". . . our principal interest, editorially, was in bringing about a *rapprochement* between the radical tradition on the one hand and the tradition of modern literature on the other . . ."—which has guaranteed for their *Reader*, among the nonfiction items, especially, a more selective distinction than the generous eclecticism of *Accent*. In the representative realm

of poetry and fiction the *rapprochement* was obviously more difficult and, as they admit, less desirable. The abandonment of neo-Marxist aims with the retention of original Marxist method is boldly accentuated by those strategically placed essays that, as Lionel Trilling explains in his introduction, "insist that the activity of politics be united with the imagination and subject to the criticism of mind." With this program in view, it is interesting to read consecutively Braunschweig's "Philosophic Thought of the Young Marx" (1936), Rahv's "Twilight of the Thirties" (1939), Hook's "The Integral Humanism of Jacques Maritain" (1940), Phillip's "The Intellectuals' Tradition" (1941), MacDonald's "The Future of Democratic Values" (1943), and the editors' postscript, "In Retrospect" (or, for that matter their recent editorials on "The Liberal Fifth Column" which appeared after the composition of this volume).

These artfully chosen milestones of retreat and reorientation bear witness to the editors' dialectical sidewinding and at the same time endorse the integrity of their definitive growth. Definitive: that is the distinguishing quality of mind that one finally reckons with in the contributors to *The Partisan Review*, an authority of analysis that informs even their most topical symposia. Definitive as well are those writers whose urge to political interpretation is less compelling and the support given this *Reader* by Morton Zabel, T. S. Eliot, Katherine Anne Porter, and R. P. Blackmur, for example, leavens content that might otherwise remain an instrument merely of sectarian defense. One smiles at the naïve gravity with which the editors declare, ". . . we have published religious poets like Auden, Eliot and Robert Lowell—as well as many other writers whose beliefs we do not share—on the ground that the value of a work of art cannot be reduced to its pattern of ideas."

To what this large conciliatory gesture *can* reduce the value of a work of art one wonders upon examining certain of the fiction selections. Those by Saul Bellow, Paul Goodman, and Isaac Rosenfeld are patterns only for (or on) the literature of Jewish insecurity, but the potential amplification of this theme is muffled by these dim reverberations of thunder over the Bronx. Why Bellow's fragment, which has since appeared in "Notes of a Dangling Man," was chosen for reprint in preference to his mordant narrative, "The Mexican General," is not clear unless it was intended to consolidate the Anxiety-Front represented by Delmore Schwartz' "America! America!" and Mary McCarthy's "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt." No consideration whatever, "such as typicality, documentary interest or historical importance" can possibly justify the entries of James Farrell and James Agee, though, in the latter case, I confess myself grateful for this chance to study the origins of Mr. Agee's voluble preciousness as a movie critic in *The Nation*.

There is an insistently tedious emphasis in all these stories, it seems to me, on the narcissistic and guilty clerical-intellectual fringe, combining the worst features of the John O'Hara dirty-underwear school of social scrutiny and the carbon-copy Kafka colony, all of whom hate (love) their fathers. Eleanor Clark's "Hurry, Hurry" is the only successful assimilation of the Kafka method by a domestic writer that I know; this story, with "In the Penal Colony" (the real (Mc)Kafka) and Lionel Trilling's classic of situational irony, "Of This Time, Of That Place," are together on an eminence from which any further alignment should have been surveyed.

Turning to *Accent's* anthology, one meets an even larger number of literary casualties, because more fiction has been included. And here charity, not bias, is evidently at fault. In their desire to give ampler space to new creative writers (and some not so new) than to the book reviewers and essayists who are their strongest voices, the editors have unfortunately reproduced a sheaf of embarrassments better left to kind oblivion. One reads story after story in which the author has, to borrow F. Scott Fitzgerald's predication, become identified with the objects of his horror or compassion. A lesson for the writer in search of a subject can be learned here by observing that the most achieved fictions by the younger writers in this book are the least involved in the naturalistic details of the American city scene. "Grilled Windows" and "Kermesse" (Mexico), "The Indian Well" (Southwest desert), "The Soldiers" (an unnamed battlefield), "Lions, Harts, Leaping Does" (the mind of a dying priest), owe less perhaps to their authors' unquestionable talent than to the judgment which sought for subject matter in areas not already exhausted by Dreiser, Dos Passos, Farrell, and O'Hara. New areas, new insights? The connection is surely not accidental, for the fiction by those who still haunt the adjacent purlieu of social realism suffers from impoverishment of conception and abuse of form. Witness: "The White Boat," "The Golden Harp," "Seventeen Pictures from Emily's Life"—case-worker's reports; "Three Men of Fifty," "An Answer for My Uncle," "A Short Story," "Fancy Free"—hearts and flowers; "The Mugging"—journalese; "The Veterans Reflect"—callow irony; "The Caller" and "The Grave"—funny-peculiar or funny ha-ha? Kafka derailed again!

If the function of a critical quarterly is to be first of all critical (rather than quarterly?), these calamities of occupational fatigue might well have given way before a larger inclusion of didactic material. There would still remain the excellences I have noted, which, with the offerings of Katherine Anne Porter and Roger Martin du Gard, substantiate the level of tact generally reached by *Accent* at its best.

I have left myself little space for anatomizing the poetry sections of these anthologies. Something other than "range" must be invoked to explain the

housing of Eliot's intellectual sonorities and the lapidary music of Wallace Stevens with the unresolved anger of Richard Wright and E. E. Cummings. (An unworthy selection from this excellent poet, by the way. In this direction, Phillip Horton's "Variations on a Theme by Pacelli" is a finer fusion of verse with indignation.) The poems in *Accent* are, in the main, by more recent arrivals; many of them have subsequently been included in separate volumes and can more suitably be appraised in that fuller context of selected poems by the single author. Reading them here as a fair cross-section of an emerging and transitional generation (but I suppose all generations are that) one catches the accent of integrity, of earnest experiment with close observation, together with a strained and willful resolve not to be read aloud too easily; and one glimpses the poet behind the poem, how often weaned too early and sucking his thumb ever since? If the object lesson of the naturalist fiction in these pages was one we already knew, that human and social relations in America are unmitigatedly hideous, the poetic sensibility reaffirms the univalence of the private mind, possessed by guilt and fear, half-buried under toppling ruins.

The critic's intelligence, less confused by its own formal problems, surer of its object and prouder of its purpose, centrally dignifies these collections. It is indeed, in our social system as a whole, the inquiring spirits who, though few in number, hold the uncorrupted place. Such professional critics as are featured in these quarterlies comprise a nucleus of the most intellectually aware minds in the country. Thanks to their efforts, American criticism, the only native activity in which the personal and social responses to environment have been made with maximum challenge of reason and imagination, is second to none other in the world.

VERNON A. YOUNG

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University of New Mexico . . . . . Albuquerque

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